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HE LOVES HER YET.

I used to think you very fair,
And, oh! so very simple,
Because you had a childlike air
And such a saucy dimple.

I used to think you loved the birds,
And lived among the flowers;
And that you meant the whispered words
You said in twilight hours.

And, oh! I thought you would be true,
Although you were so never;
And yet I will be true to you
Forever and forever.

I wonder if you quite forget
The days we spent together;
Or if you think with vague regret
Of tangled grass and heather.

I wonder if your eyes are still
As blue as when we parted—
I saw them turn away and fill,
And thought you broken-hearted.

Ah! well—you were a sad coquette,
But I'll forget you never;
I'll keep your rose—'tis treasured yet—
Forever and forever.

A SUMMER SONG.

If all the world a garden were,
And women were but flowers;
If men were bees that buzzed there
Through all the summer hours;
Oh, I would hum the garden through
For honey, till I came to you.

Then I should hive within your hair,
Its sun and gold together;
And I should bide in glory there
Through all the changeful weather.
Oh, I should sip but one, this one
Sweet flower underneath the sun.

Or I would be a king, and coin
Your golden hair for money;
And I would only have to seek
Your lips for hoards of honey;
Oh, I would be the richest king
That ever wore a signet ring.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementina Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—[CONTINUED.]

"What on earth's in the wind now?" he asked himself, without arriving at any solution of the mystery. "The duke wants to get rid of me, that's very clear; but what for? He refused me leave last week, and now he tells me to take a month and see Calcutta. Here's his very good health, and my blessing, anyhow, whatever his motives may be."

And so it came about that Mr. Cartaret left Cawnpore without knowing anything of Hilda's arrival or the flight of Honore Chantrelle from Lucknow.

The excitement was tremendous in the cantonments when it became known that Mrs. Ransome was chaperoning a young lady whom the duke of Castletowers was going to marry. Rooms in the rather poorly furnished bungalow of the goodnatured captain were fitted up most luxuriously for her use, a pony carriage and a perfect Arab, the envy of all beholders, were placed at her disposal, and the first shopkeepers in the town were ordered to attend her will.

"You must wait till we get home for the Castletowers diamonds and a genuine orthodox *trousseau*, my own Hilda," the duke said, when he came to visit her; "but get what this place will furnish. Don't stint yourself of anything you would like."

But Hilda tearfully protested against anything but mere necessaries, and wept passionate tears of humiliation at the thought of coming to her husband so poorly furnished as not even to have a dress she could call her own to wear.

"I'll bring over all you left at Lucknow, if you like," the duke said.

"Are you going there?"

"I am."

"What for?"

"To stop any prattling tongues that may be wagging—to assure Mrs. Lefevre that you have done her dead friend no harm by taking her name for awhile. Shall I bring your grace's wardrobe back with me?"

"It would not be much of a change if you did. Mr. Saltire's governess was not clad quite like the lilies of the field, but I think three dresses constituted my entire stock."

"Ah, Hilda, darling, you shall verify the old song now—

> You shall walk in silk attire,
> And siller hae to spare.

Mr. Saltire shall see his retainer attired like a princess, and sitting in high places, before she leaves India. Good bye, my duchess. Look for me back in three days at furthest."

She loved to hear her future title, and he knew she did, and gave it to her when he could. She was rather nervous at the idea of his seeing the Saltires, but she had told him the simple truth as to how she had come to know them at first, and unless some new facts about her had come to light, the duke could hear nothing he did not know already. He had the advantage of them: he knew who she really was—they did not.

She need have had no fear. Mr. Saltire, to tell the truth, was more anxious than angry. Honore's conduct had been so exemplary while she was in his house, and things were so extremely unpleasant without her, that he heartily wished Mrs. Lefevre had never made her appearance with such disagreeable news.

"I hope your grace has brought her back," the chaplain said, when the duke explained his business.

"Well, no, Mr. Saltire, I have not," he replied, gravely.

"Because I would take her for my daughter's sake. I liked her, we all liked her, and I am ready to admit I was hasty. A deception of that sort is a very serious business, and generally masks some still blacker sin; still I think she may be brought to confess who she is and her reason for assuming a false name. If she will do this I shall be glad to offer her a home once more."

"There will be no need, sir. She has found another home, where she will meet with kindness equal to yours, of which she speaks in the highest terms, I assure you."

"Found a home, your grace! Where! With whom!"

"With me."

Mr. Saltire took off his spectacles and stared at the young man before him as if he thought he was mad.

"I think I hardly understand," he said, dryly. "I never doubted the purity of Miss Chantrelle's life. If you mean——"

"I mean nothing but what is honorable and true, Mr. Saltire. When I say your late governess has found a home with me I spoke too literally. She is not in my house now; she is staying with my senior captain and his wife. In a very few days she will be Duchess of Castletowers."

"Duchess of Castletowers!—your wife!"

"My tenderly beloved wife, Mr. Saltire—you, who have been so kind to her, shall hear from her own lips the story of her life, and what sorrow prompted her to take the name of that dead woman. It was a false move, a rash step, but she wronged no one by it; she robbed no one of any atom of love, interest, or more tangible good that were the property of any one else, and by your leave and Mrs. Lefevre's she will keep the name till she takes mine."

Astonishment is no word to depict what Mr. Saltire felt at the duke's revelation. He felt rather suspicious that some very discreditable mystery lay under all this masquerading; but the duke knew his own business best, and was free to marry any one he choose. His grace made himself so agreeable that he won the family over to a promise of entire silence as to Honore Chantrelle and her doings, and as for Mrs. Lefevre, she was so charmed by the ducal *bonhomie*, that she promised and vowed on the spot never to say another word about the dead Honore, and even pitied the impostor she had helped to unmask.

And so Hilda was triumphant—scandal was silenced—and such a *trousseau* as Cawnpore could furnish for the future duchess went on with all the rapidity that Indian energy permitted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

REMONSTRANCE.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
—*Shakespeare.*

Mrs. Ransome, good motherly soul, received the young lady to whom she had been so strangely introduced with all the tenderness of a mother, and strove with all her might to make her comfortable. The duke sent in furniture and appointments for the somewhat sparely garnished bungalow, and gave Mrs. Ransome *carte blanche* to provide the best of everything that Cawnpore could furnish. There was no time to send farther, for he was not disposed to wait longer than he could possibly help for his anticipated bliss. Perhaps he was a little nervous about it, and wanted to get the great plunge over before any of his friends could have time to write remonstrances to him. It was a plunge—a tremendous one—the Duke of Castletowers and a nameless, homeless woman; but his love was a madness, a passion utterly beyond his control, and knew no aim nor ambition save the accomplishment of his wishes.

He made but one stipulation with the family of his captain about their treatment of his bride elect: they were to hold their tongues. Let people surmise and question as they pleased, they were to know nothing, and they obeyed him, and were silent.

Where the beautiful girl came from who suddenly appeared by Mrs. Ransome in a pretty pony carriage, and out riding with the captain's daughters on the handsomest horse to be found in Cawnpore, was a mystery no one could fathom.

It oozed out that she was a Miss Chantrelle, a governess, and the good people surmised that she must have come into a fortune, for she spent money like a princess, and always under the supervision of her chaperon.

All disguise had been laid aside, and Hilda once more appeared the fair, beauteous, vision which had originally enchanted the duke.

No one suspected there was anything amiss, except the evil thinkers who carp at everything, and when it was found that the colonel's wife from Lucknow came over with Mrs. Saltire and paid a visit, and that the ladies of the station generally were very respectful to her, even these were silenced—silenced maybe, but not convinced, which was the case with blunt, outspoken Captain Ransome. Somehow or other he felt that things were not right, though he would have been puzzled to tell how or where.

He was not fascinated by this beautiful stranger as were his wife and daughters, and, indeed, every one else. His honest sense detected the ring of the false metal under the thin plating of outside goodness and amiability, and though he was perfectly respectful and kind to Miss Chantrelle, he could not give her the fatherly regard and affection she laid herself open to win, and which, in truth, she seemed to expect as a right.

"It's not right somehow, Betsy," he said to his wife the day after Mrs. Lefevre had come over from Lucknow to see their guest. "I'm sorry we mixed ourselves up in it at all."

Betsy was Mrs. Ransome's name, or Elizabeth—she had been christened Betsy at the font of a far away little country church in England fifty-three years before; her father, a sturdy ploughman of an almost extinct race now, stoutly arguing the point with the clergyman, who pointed out the fact that Betsy was not a name, only a diminutive for the more stately cognomen of Elizabeth. But it was no use. Samson Hedge averred that his mother was Betsy, his grandmother had been Betsy, and his daughter should be Betsy or nothing. So the Church's blessing was given to the old-fashioned nickname, and little Betsy Hedge grew up a very flower in childhood's garden, and by and by signed her quaint cognomen in the register of her native place for the last time before her maiden name, when she gave her hand to the tall soldier who had come into the parish like a roaring lion to devour the prettiest and most innocent lamb of the flock.

Dire were the predictions of evil that were uttered in the village of Windygates on the Wold anent the future of the daring Betsy, who had married a soldier and gone with him to the barracks—a place to be spoken of with bated breath and averted eyes, as a region of wickedness that might not be mentioned by decent folks. But Betsy Ransome was a happy woman. Her husband was a steady man and a good soldier, and she could do everything that a well-trained, hardworking woman can do, and if her life was hard, it was profitable. And industry and thrift brought their own reward. The pair rose step by step till the captain won his commission by bravery that made his name ring for a brief space through all England and her dependencies, and "Betsy" was forgotten, save when the pair were alone, as they were now.

Even the good lady's daughters did not like it, sensible girls though they were, and petitioned their father "to call mamma something else," and for answer he had kissed his buxom wife, and told the girls he prayed when they were married that their husbands might love and respect their names as he loved the simple name their mother bore.

"It's not right, somehow," he repeated, puffing fiercely at his pipe.

"I think it is, dear."

"I don't."

"I don't think the duke would have imposed upon us in any way."

"I don't think he would—he's as good a young fellow as I know, but I think he's imposed upon himself. If he were only a son of a duke, or had anyone belonging to him with a legal right to control him, I should——"

"What?"

"Write to them about it, and beg them to interfere. I should, old lady, even if I made the lad my bitterest enemy for life. He is only a lad compared to me, and I feel sure, somehow, that if he marries this Miss Chantrelle he'll repent it to the hour of his death."

"Why don't you talk to him, if you feel like that? I said all I could when he sent for me; but he told me on his word of honor that she was a young lady I might bring home to my daughters without a doubt. I feel like you about it now and then, and I fancy that whatever the secret or the mischief is, those people from Lucknow know it."

"Mrs. Lefevre gave me the idea of a woman acting under compulsion," said the captain, running his hand through his hair, and making it stand on end—a way he had when perplexed. "And if I'm not mistaken, young Cartaret knows something too; why was he sent off so suddenly else?"

"Well, if I were you, I should speak to the duke—a word from you may bring out something; and, if there really is anything wrong, you may help to stop it—who knows?"

And so it came about that Captain Ransome, summoning his courage to the sticking point, presented himself at the duke's bungalow at an hour when he knew his grace would be disengaged. He was shown, with many a salaam, into the dainty little room, where Hilda Sforza had won the prize she had been aiming at so long, and Lionel Breakspeare looked round from a heap of elegant trifles, which seemed to have been sent in from the bazaar, to greet him.

"Ha, Ransome," he said, "I'm glad to see you. Anything wanted at your place?"

"Nothing, colonel."

"Ah, that's all right. Abdoul!"

"Here, sahib."

"Bring a brandy and soda. Light up, Ransome. This is my private and particular den. Smoking is permitted to any extent."

"You are very good, colonel, but I think I must say my say first. You may not be so ready to ask me to smoke with you after I have spoken."

"Good heavens, Ransome, what is the matter?" asked the duke, in alarm. "Is anything wrong at home? With *her*? Speak, man, for heaven's sake!"

"No, there is nothing wrong that I know of," said the captain, blundering, "at least in the way you fancy, but it's because I fear that all is not right that I have come here now."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this, colonel. I'm old enough to be your father, or I shouldn't have come to you like this."

"And kind enough for a father," the duke said, holding out his hand. "So you have a right to lecture me if I have done amiss. What have I done? Is my sin regimental or private? I'll allow you to hold a court martial on your own account on me."

"It's no laughing matter, your grace," said the elder man, dropping the military title, and thinking more of the duke's social rank; "it's bold of me to come and speak about it. But about this young lady—this marriage——"

Lionel Breakspeare drew himself up to his full height with just the least touch of *hauteur*, and frowned slightly.

"That is a subject I cannot discuss even with you", he said. "When I asked Mrs. Ransome to afford a shelter to the lady I propose to make my wife, I gave her my assurance that she was a lady—a pure one—fit to wear the coronet of Castletowers, and hold up her head among the proudest dames in Christendom. I repeat the assurance to you."

"I know, I know, your grace, but a woman may be purity itself, and yet not be the right one to make a man happy. I must say what is in my heart. Is this marriage, which you want so hurriedly solemnized and kept so secret, such a one as your mother would have chosen for her son, or your father have blessed before he died? Perhaps I cannot express what I feel very well, but I feel that trouble will come upon the house of Castletowers from this union."

Perhaps Lionel Breakspeare felt it too, for he did not answer immediately, but sat toying with a costly trinket—a jewelled smelling bottle, intended for his bride—with averted face. He felt as though he could not meet the eyes of this tender, honest-hearted old soldier, and assert that the bride he had chosen was a wife worthy of the ancient name he bore.

"Fathers don't always approve of the marriages of their sons, Captain Ransome," he said. "Had my father been living I might have waited, but I should have done the same. In marrying Miss Chantrelle I am taking the only woman that ever touched my heart—the only one I shall ever love, if my life were prolonged to all eternity! Nothing that you or any man can say could alter matters one jot. My fate is fixed, and is as indissolubly bound up with hers as though our marriage had been decreed by an audible voice from heaven."

"Fate!" said the captain to himself. "Yes, it is fate, destiny, nothing else. He's mad, poor young fellow! Well, well, I've done all I can. I trust your grace is not offended with me," he said, "I could not help speaking about it. I felt as I should have felt towards my own son in the matter."

"You have acted like a kind and honest friend," the duke replied. "But tell me what has prejudiced you against the Duchess of Castletowers, for duchess she will be. Have you found her an uncomfortable inmate in your house?"

"No, my lord."

"You have seen nothing to make you doubt her truth and love to me?"

"My lord, I should not have come to you with any tale of that sort if I had; that would have been for you to find out for yourself. For aught I know, Miss Chantrelle may be the holiest and purest woman that was ever permitted to walk this earth. As for her love for you, I believe she would lay down her life rather than forfeit the glorious future that lies before her."

"My darling," murmured the infatuated young man, "it shall be a bright and happy one. Don't talk to me any more about this, captain, it will get a sore subject between us if you do. Be father and mother to my darling till I can claim her from you, stand by her at our wedding, and when the regiment sees old England again there shall be no more welcome guests at Castletowers than my old friend."

"I will do all I can, colonel, though I have spoken some unwelcome words maybe."

"I am sure you will, and I shall not forget it. I will relieve Mrs. Ransome's mind of some of her anxiety about 'the boys,' and the duchess shall chaperone your daughters into better society than they can find here."

"Your grace is very kind, but I wanted no bribe for doing you a service, nor any promise of reward."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the duke, with a smile; "a little pleasure for the girls and a bit of help for the boys is no bribe, surely. Get rid of your gloomy thoughts about me and mine. You will come to laugh at them all when Miss Chantrelle welcomes you to her home as Duchess of Castletowers."

"He is bewitched," Captain Ransome said to his wife when they were next alone together; "it's the evil eye. I never saw a man so infatuated in my life. There's more in it than we can see. The girl holds him by some stronger bond than love, I'm certain."

He was mistaken. There was no tie between the two beyond that which love had forged, but it was a veritable enchantment that breathed from Hilda Sforza's feathery golden hair and witching dark eyes—an enchantment as subtle and fierce as that which Circe exercised over her victims, and the duke was as much enslaved as the most brutalized human of them all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PRICK OF A PIN.

The play's the thing
Wherewith we'll touch the conscience of the King.
Shakespeare.

The days crept by, and the wedding was very near at hand now. It was oddly arranged for the wedding of a duke. No change had been made in his bungalow—it scarcely needed any, for its fittings were luxurious enough for royalty—and no one was to be present at the marriage, which was to be performed in the station church, but Captain and Mrs. Ransome. They and the clerk would be sufficient for witnesses, and no other names would appear on the register.

The duke told Captain Ransome and his wife that his bride's name was not really Honore Chantrelle, and that he did not wish the fact blazoned about for private reasons of his own.

"Let it go to the papers as Miss Chantrelle," he said. "I want to mystify everyone for a bit. The surprise will be greater when I take her home."

And Captain Ransome promised. It was no business of his, but he was more than ever convinced that things were not right.

Miss Chantrelle herself made no secret of her exultation at the bright prospect before her, and spoke of the duke's goodness in an enthusiastic fashion, that made the two Misses Ransome think her an angel of goodness and gratitude, and their mother, in spite of her husband's misgivings, believe that she really was as thankful as she professed to be to her future lord.

"To think that he should have chosen me, when he might have married the proudest lady in the land!" she said to the eldest Miss Ransome, in a gush of confidence. "I was poorer than the poorest woman in the quarters yonder when he first saw me."

"Is it long ago?" asked the young lady, who was dying of curiosity to know all she possibly could about her mother's *protege*.

"Four years," returned Honore; "four long, weary years."

"Four years! That is a long engagment," said the girl, with a half sigh. She had just begun to understand that a young officer in her father's regiment liked her very much, and to wonder how long it would be before he could afford to marry her. "I suppose there was something in the way?"

"Yes, an unsurmountable obstacle, as he—as we thought; and we parted with despair in our hearts, thinking we should meet no more in this world. But there is no obstacle now; the path is clear. Nothing can stand between us now—nothing—nothing!"

"Except death" said Miss Ransome, with a sudden impulse she could not account for. "We are never safe from that."

"No, of course not," Honore replied, with a shiver. "What an ugly subject, dear! Let us drop it. Death would not separate Lionel Breakspeare and me long. I should soon follow if he were to die, and don't think, if I went, that the grass would be green over my grave before he would lie under the sod too."

All this sentimental talk was dear to the soul of the romance-reading Miss Ransome, who dearly loved anything referring to the tender passion.

Honore was a creature altogether different from the young ladies of the station. She dared to love, and to speak of her love in a way altogether delightful. And then she sympathized so sweetly with the yet untalked of passion of the young officer for her new friend that altogether Miss Ransome was quite bewitched by her.

It was a fine time for the two girls. They had more presents, dresses, and enjoyments generally during the brief period of Honore's residence in their father's house than they had known in all their lives before.

Captain Ransome would rather have had his girls accept nothing at her hands, but the gifts were always tendered in the name of the duke, and in such a way that it was impossible to refuse.

"It is on my account," Honore would say. "The duke is grateful for all the kindness you are showing me. These *fêtes* are for the theatre to-night. Only think, going to a theatre in Cawnpore."

"And sending our own chairs," laughed Captain Ransome's daughter. "I don't remember much about English theatres, for I was little more than a child when we came out; but I do remember Drury Lane. Papa wasn't Captain Ransome then, but he took us to the upper boxes in a cab, and we thought ourselves as grand as the Royal ladies who sat in the Queen's box."

"I suspect we shall find this something different."

"That we shall, though our men don't act badly by any means, and the leading lady is rather a pretty little woman. There's to be a full house to-night. It isn't often the duke honors the men with his presence. You have made a new man of him, Miss Chantrelle."

"I'm glad to think that, if it has made him more sociable. I know he did grieve for me very much, but I've 'come at last to comfort him,' as Shakespeare has it. There goes the wallah with the chairs. What a queer place India is! What's the piece, by the way?"

"Oh, quite a new one—something fresh from England. It is called 'Above Suspicion.' Somebody was saying that it is a very clever piece. The heroine is a splendid part, they say. I am afraid poor little Mrs. Provis, with her washed out face and her uncertain 'h's,' won't be much like it."

"What's the plot?"

Honore Chantrelle was negligently clasping a bracelet on her wrist as she spoke, and looking dreamily into the glass at her own wonderful beauty. It was like a dream to her, this new life of luxury and intoxicating worship and love, and she was constantly fearing that she might wake and find herself back again, either Hilda Sforza in Rome, with but so very little between her and starvation, or to her dreary life at the Hollow, and afterwards as the discontented wife of Bracy Burgoyne.

There had been no awakening as yet, Bracy Burgoyne was in his grave, and her dream went on in an uninterrupted tide of happiness and pleasure.

"The plot!" returned Miss Ransome. "Well, Mr. Graham did tell me. I don't think I remember. How lovely those Dijon roses are! I don't know how to thank the duke enough, I'm sure. Oh, I remember! The woman murders her husband because she wants to have some one else—or tries to, or something of that sort."

"Ah!"

A sharp scream from Honore made her turn her head sharply.

"See what I've done," she said. "I've run the pin of this brooch under my nail. It has made me feel quite sick."

She held out her delicate little hand, and showed where the sharp pin had gone down under the transparent nail. The pain must have been very sharp, for her face was white as the hue of death, and her lips were quivering.

"I'm a stupid, nervous creature," she said; "but I'm sick. I don't think I can go to the play to-night."

But Miss Ransome exclaimed and protested, and Mrs. Ransome brought a glass of wine, and the captain represented that if she stayed away the duke would inevitably refuse to go, and that thus everybody would be disappointed.

"He's a great man, you see, my dear," he said; "and this is a grand night for our dramatic company. We don't often get him out, so if you can come, do. The pain will go off after a bit, I daresay."

"Of course it will," said Honore smiling, though she shuddered as if suddenly struck with ague. "What a selfish creature you must think me. I shouldn't think of spoiling any one's pleasure. Pray forgive me. That wretched pin pricked so sharply, and went so deep, that I hardly knew what I was saying for a moment."

And she smiled and laid her hand on the captain's shoulder, and looked into his face with her big bright eyes, as though she expected him to kiss her as he would have done one of his own girls.

"And I couldn't," he said to his wife, when they were dressing for the evening. "I'd as soon kiss the dirtiest slattern in the quarters. There's something snaky about her eyes."

Honore looked very lovely when the party were collected together to set out for the theatre. A roomy carriage was at the disposal of the ladies. The captain walked, and met them at the door. The ladies of the station were there in full force, for the duke's presence and patronage were publicly announced, and he and his officers were going in full uniform. A lovelier vision could not be imagined than the fair creature who entered the brightly-lighted room on the arm of Captain Ransome. She wore a trailing robe of bright blue silk, which shone and shimmered in the gaslight like rippling water, and blue convolvuli trailed over her fair hair, which hung in shining masses over her white shoulders. A thin necklace of brilliants was round her neck, and drops of the same adorned her pinky ears. Mrs. Ransome, in her black satin and white lace, was a capital foil to this brilliant vision, and Honore had taken excellent care that the two girls' dresses should be no blur to her brightness and beauty. They were white, with crimson flowers, and being both dark they were well suited.

The Duke greeted the party with *empressement*, and managed so that Hilda should sit next to him, and talked gayly with her during the performance. It was a strange piece—one of the unnatural melodramas that now and then take London by storm, and by a chance turn out a grand success.

It was utterly unsuited to the matter-of-fact, heavy-footed, unbending soldiery, who formed the *dramatis personæ*; and the little, faded-looking woman, a sergeant's wife, with two children in front and a baby behind the scenes waiting for its supper between the acts, was very unlike the beautiful guilty woman who was the heroine; but they were word-perfect, and the piece, in theatrical parlance, went well.

The scenery was pretty fair, though the scenic artist was not a Beverley or a Stansfield, and the respective scenes of the guilty woman's humble home and her subsequent career were well painted and set.

The story was one which has been told in plays since the stage first held the mirror up to nature. There was the humble lover and the rich deceiver pitted against each other in the orthodox manner, and the girl coquetting between them in the usual stage way.

The second act showed a wild country in a mining district, with yawning pits' mouths and heaps of cinders. The humble lover has married the girl, who is an orphan, the rich one having, she thinks, forsaken her. But he comes back, and to free herself from the toils the miner's wife pushes her husband down the unused shaft, where he may lie for years and not be discovered. Then she marries the other after a proper time; but Nemesis overtakes her at last.

Honore Chantrelle did not see the end

of the piece. Her attention was riveted from the first, and she looked at the homely little actress with a strange fascination. She was very pale, and shivered a little during the first act, and the Duke drew her shawl round her, for she said she was cold. The curtain drew up on the third act, and a mimic wedding procession crossed the stage. Then he felt her head touch his shoulder, and looked round just in time to catch her in his arms as she slipped fainting from her seat.

The performance was stopped while she was carried out, but she revived in a few minutes, and begged the Duke to go back.

It was only that stupid pin prick, she said. She should forget it all when she had had a night's rest.

She had quite forgotten it by the next morning, and greeted her lover with bright smiles and gay words, and they sat together and talked of the future which lay before them as only lovers can.

Leave of absence for his grace had been telegraphed for and obtained, and they were to start for home in a very few days after the marriage.

"I long to see Castletowers again now," he said; "and before you came to me, my darling, it was the last place on earth I should have cared to go to."

"Why?"

"Because I saw you last there. Every thought of the place gave me a pang, for I seemed to have the shadow of your grave between me and my home. You shall not have an unsatisfied wish there, my darling."

"Yes I shall, Lionel."

"What is it?"

"Ferndale."

She shivered as she spoke, as though the mere mention of her pretty home were distasteful to her.

"You want me to buy it?"

"Ah, yes!"

"My love, Mr. Douglas refuses to part with it on any terms. I bade him name his own, for I should like to have had it to keep up as a memento of the time and place where I met you once more."

"Will no money tempt him?"

"He said none that I could offer. He seems to have some powerful reason for wishing to keep his dead cousin's home."

"What reason can he have—a stranger, a foreigner almost?"

"That he did not say. He only said there were reasons. But, my darling, what do you want the place so for? What will you do with it if ever I can get it? I'll put the title deeds in your hands within an hour if I do."

There was a strange glitter in Hilda Sforza's eyes as she answered him.

"Do with it? Raze it to the ground. If Ferndale Hollow were mine, I would not leave one stone upon another. I'd pull it down and make a road over it, with a perpetual right of way, so that no one could even so much as put a spade in it for the foundations of any other house."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"TOO LATE!"

Too late! too late! the prodigal who strays
Through the green groves and spicy bowers of sin;
The cold and false deceiver who betrays
The trusting heart he fondly toiled to win;
The miser gloating o'er his golden store,
And left in age despised and desolate;
Ah, all their crime with heavy hearts deplore,
And study to redeem their fault—too late.
—*Anon.*

While Hilda Sforza was waiting for the day that should realize her brightest hopes, and the duke was counting the hours that stood between him and happiness, there were those in England who often thought of the fairhaired woman and wondered. Mrs. Caterham, at Castletowers, thought of her with mingled regret and satisfaction—regret for the loss of a bright young companion whom she had liked, and satisfaction on her master's account.

"It's best as it is," she said to her son one day when he was at Castletowers. "If she had lived, poor dear, there would have been mischief when the duke returned. They were too fond of each other, and that drove him away from home."

For the old lady knew her master's secret now, and deplored his passion as sincerely as his sister did.

"He must have been bewitched," she said, sadly, "to be so bad that he can't bear the sight of the place where she lived. Castletowers seems always to be desolate because of a woman."

"That one particular woman seems to have bewitched everybody," said George Caterham; "from what I've heard, her husband gave up every prospect of advancement and lived an idle life for her sake. Why, she bewitched you."

"I think she did, there was something about her no one could resist. Well, well, she's dead now, poor thing."

"And Mr. Mark Douglas reigns at the Hollow instead of Mr. Burgoyne. Will he be as good a neighbor, do you think?"

"He's in India, I hear; but his agents have had the place done up. All the fittings and furniture are sold, but the house is in thorough repair. He's a strange man I fancy."

"Why?"

"He won't have any cellars to the house."

"No cellars!"

"No; he's had every one of them bricked up, and an outhouse built instead. It has taken in quite a piece of the back garden. The agent said Mr. Douglas seemed to have a superstitious horror of dark places."

"You saw him?"

"Oh, yes; he came here to see Castletowers. He was making acquaintance with the neighborhood, he said. I thought him a very pleasant gentleman, very like Mr. Burgoyne in his ways and about the eyes, but much older—his hair was quite white."

Mr. Caterham thought he would like to see the Hollow, and he walked there with his mother before he left Castletowers.

"I wonder he doesn't come and live here," he said, as they went in; "it's a gem of a house for its size."

"You would have said so if you could have seen it when it was furnished for poor Mrs. Longmore. I never saw such a beautifully fitted place on a small scale, and yet she didn't seem to appreciate it."

"No; by all accounts she hankered after the grandeur of Castletowers. It was pretty then, but I'm not sure I don't like the outside better now. The grass is more in keeping with the style of the house."

The banks of flowers which had made Ferndale such a brilliant spot in the landscape, and seemed so fitting a surrounding to the loveliness of its young mistress, had all disappeared, and nothing but a lawn so smooth that it looked like green velvet was before the windows now. The roses and clematis which climbed over the porch and the front of the house had been trained and trimmed so as to present quite a different appearance.

It seemed as though the new owner of the place wished to destroy all association with its former inmates. Inside the house the change was more apparent still. The color of the paint and the style of the wall papers had all been altered, and as Mrs. Caterham had said, every entrance to the cellar had been bricked up.

Why was not very clear, for they were dry and roomy; but it was Mr. Douglas's will, and it had been done. Not a vestige remained of the doors or windows of the subterranean part of the house, and the pretty little boudoir where the smiling beauty of the Duchess Christabel had looked down from the walls had been refloored. No one would have suspected that there was anything under the ground floor, and to compensate for the deficiency a commodious outhouse had been built in the rear of the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADONNA AND CHILD.

BY JAMES HUNTER MCCULLOCH.

Led by love of art or fashion,
Let who will away to Rome,
There to feel or feign a passion
O'er the picture here at home.

Living picture in home's framing,
Seen by love-light, mellow, mild;
Lovingly I look while naming
My Madonna and my Child!

Radiant face of happy mother,
Warm with health-born cheerfulness,
Floods the life-sky of another—
Gladly raining rays that bless.

From the roots of life ascending,
See the growing spirit rise!
With the forming features blending,
Eager soul fills eager eyes!

Oh! to seize and fix forever,
In a master-artist's way,
Who, inspired to high endeavor,
Makes immortal mortal clay.

This, the theme's soul, body, spirit,
That incarnate we should see,
Else is lost its chiefest merit,
Whosoe'er the artist be:

The Madonna seen caressing
Trusting child she soothes to rest—
Each the other's greatest blessing—
Lo! the baby at the breast!

The Haunted Hall.

Such a magnificently-grand old place it was—immense, gloomy, picturesque, and so strongly flavoring of old-time days when fair women wore fashionably the costume of five hundred years ago, and were courted by lordly knights in plumes and swords, and embroidered velvet short-clothes; when love was true and ardent as to-day—the loves of those who centuries ago lived, and died, and are forgotten.

It was a glorious place to romance over, to revel in, to explore, and Jessamine Grey, when she first stepped across the modern little bridge so light and elegant, where had once been a cumbersome great drawbridge, gave expression to her delight in enthusiasm that amply repaid her indulgent father for having given way to his daughter's latest whim—the purchase of Blue Court Hall, which for years and years had stood grim, deserted, picturesque, and the transformation of portions of it into an elegantly comfortable gentleman's country place—a transformation which, at a fabulous cost, had not been permitted to interfere materially with the solemn grandeur of the place.

Mr. Grey looked satisfiedly at Rolf Vernon as Jessamine clasped her little gloved hands in irrepressible ecstacy; and Rolf Vernon turned his handsome, lazy blue eyes admiringly upon the girl's piquant, lovely face.

"Oh, papa! oh, papa! it's perfect—it's sublime! Only see those great, glorious towers rising up beyond those swaying, solemn trees—and the windows, papa—those darling little diamond panes, set so heavily in lead! Why, I can easily imagine I am about entering an old baronial castle! Can't you, Mr. Vernon?"

Jessamine's shining black eyes were full on his face; her delicately flushed cheeks, her wind-blown hair, her slender, willowy figure, all appealed to Mr. Vernon, as they had been in the habit of doing lately, and his blue eyes took in a sparkle of something more than admiration as he answered her.

"I quite agree with you, Miss Jessie; Blue Court Hall is superb. And, besides all the visible attractions, there is doubtless its legend, which will be in good keeping with its ancient grandeur and hoary beauty. Do you like traditions?"

He had a remarkably pleasant voice, sweetly intoned, and a quiet, leisurely way of speaking, that was well-bred grace personified.

Mr. Grey leaned over the slim iron sides of the airy little bridge, looking down into the clear lakelet beneath—the lakelet that had once been a moat, but which art had transformed into a swift, changing current, cool and sparkling.

"There is a legend, of course, although I must confess I have forgotten it. I remember hearing the agent for the Courtland family say that the Red Room—an apartment on the second floor—was the reputed scene of the tragedy from which the tradition of the usual restless ghost sprung.

Jessie listened breathlessly.

"A ghost, papa! a real live ghost! Oh, how splendid! I do hope it is a lady, a beautiful lady, who died for love! Papa, I am going to consult the diagram, and select the Red Room for my very own."

And as she walked on ahead of the two gentlemen, so fair, so winsome, so full of girlish exuberance and grace, Rolf Vernon wished that all he had to do was to select her for his "very own."

* * * * *

The summer days at Blue Court Hall sped by as if on enchanted pinions.

Guests by the dozen idled away the long delicious days, whence sultry heat seemed to have fled, and where cool breezes seemed always softly blowing from the adjacent hills, or off the rippling lake, or among the huge spreading trees.

Life was an idyl there, that blessed summer-time. Happiness, content, gaiety, and innocent revelry ruled the day, and in her *role* of hostess, Jessie Gray was the perfection of glad, unfeigned welcome.

And Rolf Vernon was not the only one who was enchanted with the fair, sweet girl whose laugh was mirth idealized, whose fresh, gay voice was sweet as the chime of silver bells.

Rolf Vernon was not the only aspirant for the heart and hand of Jessie Grey—and even the girl herself saw the rivalry going on between him and Launce Gresham—Gresham with his dark Italian beauty of ebon hair and eyes, and clear olive skin that was such a contrast to the fair English beauty of the other, with the bright blue eyes and close-cut blonde hair and heavy golden moustache.

Nor could any one guess the girl's choice. Now exquisitely partial to Rolf until he was in a seventh heaven of hopeful anticipation she would suddenly neglect him pointedly, and direct all her witching ways at Mr. Gresham.

And so the little flirtation went on; the midsummer days came and passed, and September, the glory of the year, brought its golden haze, perfect sunsets, and deliciously cool nights, until a storm set in—a storm that came suddenly up over the sea one night, and surprised them all with its dun dripping skies and howling winds, one morning when they arose after a late evening frolic in purest, clearest moonlight.

Then the order of exercises was suddenly changed. Carpet dances and billiards, parlor croquet and amateur theatricals, tableaux and charades, took the places of outdoor amusements. And still the storm held on, day after day, until it seemed that blue skies would never shine again, until invention was exhausted, and the party of young folks began to wonder what in the world they would do to keep alive.

"Oh, I've just thought of something perfectly glorious! We'll read the story of the legend of Blue Court Hall. It's written in the funniest little crampy hand on old yellow parchment, and then we'll explore the haunted room, shall we? I thought that the room I have, that used to be Lady Sicily's, was the haunted one, but it seems it isn't. And, oh! to-night is the anniversary of Lady Sicily's tragic death—the very time old Magan says we can have our future read for us by her spirit if we're brave enough to go into the haunted room alone."

Jessie's delicious bit of information was received with various expressions of satisfaction or the contrary; some religiously believed the legend; some indignantly repudiated such a ridiculous superstition. A few were alarmed, and some—Rolf Vernon and Launce Gresham—were instantly in for the novel sport of the thing.

"Of course we'll pay Lady Sicily a visit! Is there a man with gallantry so deficient as to refuse audience to the fair seer, who doubtless broke hearts ruthlessly hundreds of years ago!"

Mr. Gresham laughed at Rolf's boyish enthusiasm.

"Agreed, Mr. Vernon, that we all inquire our fate at the lovely ghostess' hand! But, first for the romance—the legend of Blue Court Hall."

It was a curious party that gathered round the roaring fire in the immense hall that night—for with the storm and damp had come chilly cold—to listen to the tragic story of the love and hate of centuries ago that had been enacted within the same walls where they sat.

And this is the way the legend went—not read from the old yellow parchment, but related in Mr. Grey's inimitable way from memory.

Nearly three centuries before a great, rich, powerful English family had built this grand old pile in true baronial style, and set up their hearthstone with all the pomp and circumstance that immense wealth permits and haughty blue blood demands.

For more than three generations the Elfincourts, father and son, ruled the house; and fortune, peace, plenty, happiness, and gaiety reigned supreme—until, between two brothers, there arose a fury of jealousy and hate, caused by a beautiful young cousin who, coming to visit the Elfincourts, had fascinated the two young men with her remarkable beauty and witchery of grace, until it seemed to them a matter of life and death who should win Lady Sicily Fairfax for his bride.

She played with them both; she played fast and loose with them, now maddening them by her indifference, now leading them to the heights of hope by her sweet graciousness; and then, in a very recklessness of consequences, betrothed herself to them both, with injunctions of strictest secrecy to each to keep their secret.

For a while her demure sweetness succeeded in completely preventing the slightest suspicion of her treachery to either brother, both of whom knew himself the favoured one; and so perfectly did Lady Sicily play her part that both Lord Darrel, the elder brother, and Rupert, the younger, began to repent of their hot-headed, jealous anger, and actually began to plan how to conciliate the other when the inevitable news of the betrothal must be announced.

Of the two brothers Rupert was the handsomer; he was tall, well-built, with the true English blonde curling hair that matched his fair face; while Lord Darrel was darker, graver, and not so given to the admiration of women and the love of their society.

Of the two, Rupert was the one more likely to win a woman's heart, while Lord Darrel was heir to the great wealth of the Elfincourts; of the two Rupert was the more open, a sunnier disposition, frank and noble, less given to deceit and suspicion—and it was this fair-haired lover, who, with Lady Sicily's passionate kisses on his lips, never doubting her truth, never dreaming of her depravity and treachery, voluntarily offered to leave his love with his brother while he travelled across the ocean to bring for his bride-elect treasures she told him she must have.

And while he was gone Lady Sicily was married to Lord Darrel—her husband all unconscious of the treachery to which he was a party.

There was revelry, mirth, and music and Lady Sicily rejoiced in her heart that she had played her cards so well—that she was to be the mistress of all the grandeur and splendor, of the trusty servants and retainers of the aristocratic old family.

Guests thronged the magnificent halls—guests who had traveled far and would stay long. Flags were flying, pleasure-boats were floating on the lake, flowers were blooming—everything was fair as youth, health, happiness, and sunshine could make Lady Sicily's wedding-day.

And then, when the evening's gay entertainment was over, and laughing bridesmaids had escorted the fair bride to her chamber and left her alone—then—the curse of Elfincourt fell, for, having secretly and unexpectedly arrived in a swift sailing vessel, Rupert, the deceived, the betrayed, had hidden himself in the bridal-chamber to meet face to face the terrified girl. The interview was short; passionate words, bitter recriminations, invectives of despairing love and raging fury passed between them, and then Rupert, maddened by her beauty that was for ever lost to him by her treachery and insulting deceit, took her fair young life, and left her stretched in her own blood on the floor of her chamber.

And then, insane with rage, he waited like a madman—waited until Lord Darrel came to his bride, to find her warm in her own life-stream, to be sprung upon by Rupert and thrust through the heart by the same rapier that had slain Lady Sicily. And then he turned its trusty edge through his own breast, and the three lay there—a ghastly trio—until the morning revealed the horrors of the bridal-chamber.

Directly afterwards the castle was abandoned by the family on whom the shadow had fallen so horribly for continuance there, and for years and years it stood silent, grim, and deserted, while superstitious villagers declared that the spirits of Lord Darrel, and Rupert, and the beautiful wicked Lady Sicily haunted the castle.

Be that as it may; the legend goes on to say that on every twenty first of September the anniversary of Lady Sicily's ill-starred wedding and death, she revisits the bridal chamber, and to all who are brave enough to seek her alone, when the turret-bell chimes twelve, she will agonisingly entreat them to assist in her expiation of her sin by following the advice she offers, which will never lead them into trouble; that she will point out their future career, and how to escape its ills.

Then she goes back to her restless wanderings in spirit-land until another year goes by.

* * * * *

There was the hush of interested silence on the little company as Mr. Grey finished; some were softly wiping away their tears; all were deeply interested in spite of themselves.

Jessie's voice broke the silence at length—

"Papa, I am going to Lady Sicily's room! It is a quarter to twelve now. I am going."

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright.

A little chorus of exclamations rose from the ladies.

"Oh, Jessie dear, don't!"

"Jessie, you must not!"

"Oh! just suppose——"

Mr. Grey laughed.

"Of course go child, if you want to. I don't for one moment believe in supernatural visitations. I imagine you will find the Red Room as peaceful at twelve o'clock as at any other time."

And Jessie went, to wait in the large dusky room until the turret clock struck midnight—to wait; half brave, half alarmed, for the rustling of a dress over the floor, of the sight of a cloudy form appearing before her. Waited—until just as the bell began to chime loud and clear; until her nerves began to get a little unstrung as it neared the last stroke; until, just as she felt like screaming, she heard a footstep behind the curtain that draped off the rear end of the room—a footstep that made her blood curdle, as it came nearer and nearer.

She dared not lift her eyes. Her limbs seemed turned to marble, so powerless she felt to move. She could not break the awful thrall that held her. And then—

"Jessie, my darling, my darling! I could not let you come here alone. I followed you to ask you to let me tell your fortune—that you will be my love, my wife!"

And with a gush of blessed tears, a feeling of exquisite release from horrid fear, a laugh of perfect happiness on her quivering lips, Jessie nestled in Rolph Vernon's arms.

"Oh, Rolf! Then my fortune is told; you are my own!" she cried.

"My fortune is told. You are mine."

And as he kissed her with all a lover's eagerness, neither of them saw a pale, distorted face that was peering between the curtains—Launce Gresham's anger-pale, jealous-pale countenance.

"Confound him! There shall be another tragedy, or——" And he pointed a revolver straight at the happy lover's head; and the report sounded hissing through the room, and a shriek of alarm came from Jessie's lips.

But—fate had directed the ball, and it did not strike its prey; and not until it was discovered that Launce Gresham had left Blue Court Hall, leaving no trace behind, was it suspected who fired the shot.

But—Rolf and Jessie were satisfied. And wasn't that enough?

OUR TINY.

BY P. R. DOYLE.

Although "our Tiny" was the name he always bore when the subject of conversation, he could hardly be called a member of the family. Strictly speaking, Tiny was a tolerated foundling. Whether deserted by hardhearted parents, or left an orphan and thrown upon the cold charities of the world at such an early age, it were hard to say. The more reasonable probability is that having started out to see life on his own account, he lost his way and sought the first friendly-looking shelter that came to view. Thus, huddled up closely to our door, he slipped in when my father came home that blustering night and followed him without his knowledge to the sitting-room. There was certainly considerable informality in his introduction. We children, however, did not stand on etiquette, and greeted the rusty-looking, deferential canine stranger with a heartiness of welcome that set his little tail wagging for joy, and made us all the best of friends in a moment.

I cannot forget how it happened that Tiny received his cognomen. He was a singularly ugly specimen of what seemed the common terrier species, about six weeks old. Perhaps if much depended on the result, some one would have made an effort to ascertain his real color; but as it was, it always remained a mystery. He was a well-defined black, yellow, white and gray in spots, with a number of shades of these various hues that ran into infinity. Very likely this feature of his unprepossessing appearance was the principal reason why my father remarked to mother the utility of Farmer Letch's pond as a convenient method of summarily disposing of ill-favored curs. There was but one interpretation to this remark, and, full of memories concerning former dog pets that had disappeared mysteriously, and whose corpses I believed to have been subsequently seen in Letch's pond, I remember going to him and saying deprecatingly:

"Oh, father, you wouldn't drown such a dear tiny little dog as this!"

He gazed down at me and then at the pup. The latter, as though conscious I pleaded for his life and was certain of a happy result, crawled up and curling himself on the carpet beside me, prepared for a nap. He then looked so particularly small and friendless that it seemed to soften the Rhadamanthus on whose knee I leant, and my father replied:

"Well, you may keep him. Tiny he is, and Tiny let him be," and thus it was he came to be called Tiny.

It was lucky, perhaps, that my parents had few after opportunities of learning much about him. His conduct, I am afraid, would have precipitated the fate from which I was once sufficiently fortunate to rescue him. The tales that the cook told of sundry raids on her stores, directly traceable to my protege, had been in themselves capital crimes if brought to light. But she was a good kindly soul, and Tiny and I, were we never so guilty of wrong-doing, had but to throw ourselves on her mercy, and we were forgiven.

Tiny was not vicious. Very lazy dogs—or, for that matter, people—seldom are. If there was anything he loved, it was to lie in the sand or mud—for in this respect he was entirely without choice—blinking at the flies. He never seemed to possess enough vital energy to snap at them. He would occasionally rest his snout on his paws and dreamily watch some gauzy-winged pirate gorging himself on his best blood; but at such times his face always plainly expressed: "If you are satisfied, I am!"

With such strongly-marked negative qualities, therefore, it will readily be believed that Tiny, outside of his best friends—myself and chums—was generally regarded as a nuisance. Even in that select circle there were times when the general drift of opinion was in the same direction. But then from a boy's point of view his few abilities compensated for his utter lack of ornamental or polished characteristics. More than once, indeed, the feeble spark of spirit he displayed at critical times, in rooting for imaginary rats, dispelled the vision of rope and tin pan that was slowly but threateningly looming over several youthful minds.

So Tiny settled into a household fixture, and was my firm friend and companion till I went to college in my seventeenth year. It must not be supposed that, any more than myself, he was stationary. Far from it. He grew and grew until the title Tiny was the veriest misnomer possible. He passed through all the phases of canine dimension and became unique. I am telling a true story, and do not wish to borrow from the fanciful, but in more respects than one, at a distance he was not unlike a mule during the latter's primitive stages of existence.

I occasionally heard from him during my collegiate course, and at vacation time we always had a sociable time together. He had now become somewhat sedate and if possible lazier than ever. Once, despite constitutional apathy, he was ever ready for a jaunt in the woods or down on the marsh; but now there was continually a battle between inclination and sense of duty, before he consented to go. In the old days, of his own accord too, he would often dart off in search of a non-existent rabbit or cat; but now he scorned to perpetrate such transparent fictions, and trudged on slowly behind me, as though his weight of years had brought a corresponding contempt for the follies of his youth.

It was in the hottest of midsummer that we were traveling along the lane running from the house down to the river about a half mile away. That the day was such a pleasant one for the month in part induced my pilgrimage, and perhaps the report in my sister's last letter of the arrival of new inmates for the Rose Cottage just below us, also contributed thereto. She had mentioned that among them was a particularly handsome young lady, one of her schoolmates. As I was then about crossing that Rubicon which separates the peace of adolescence from the war of manhood's sterner existence—twenty-one—my interest was natural. I confess, to some such curiosity might appear trivial, but where we lived there was little to break the monotony of life, and the advent of new-comers always produced more or less commotion.

I had arrived at the slope at the head of which the Cottage stood. Through the fence of trees running parallel with the lane, I could see the low flower-decked piazza. Lying about were evidences of late occupancy by a woman. A pretty sewing basket rested on one of the settees, and several books and papers kept it company. I looked for the presiding genius herself, but she was not to be seen.

While standing there thinking of a hundred things at once, Tiny lying in the dust and panting at my feet, I heard the distant report of a gun. Perhaps I would have no more than noticed it, had it not been almost immediately followed by a second and then a third. The latter were somewhat nearer than the first, and as the echo came rolling towards us and lost itself in the woods, Tiny rose, shook himself, and snuffed the light breeze blowing by us. This unwonted action on his part drew my attention, and then much that was not pleasant flashed across my mind. I recollected hearing that Letch's dog had gone mad. It seemed now as if I could hear, coming from the same quarter, shouts of "Mad dog!" "Kill him!" But before I was sure of my ears, across the brow of the hill came dashing a huge mastiff with glaring eyes and wide-open frothing jaws. He had evidently been shot, for though nearly one hundred yards distant I could see the red blood staining and dripping from his white shaggy coat.

While I watched him almost spell-bound, I saw a young lady—one I felt must be the young lady—rise hurriedly from a rustic seat under a clump of bushes that had hidden her from my eyes, and start for the house. She had plainly been frightened by the reports. In a moment her view met the horrible gaze of the crazed brute, and with a heartrending scream she stumbled and fell directly in his path. A few more bounds would have brought him to her prostrate form, when Tiny, whom in my excitement I had not missed from my side, darted across the lawn and almost as the death-dealing fangs struck at the white face, upturned appealingly, seized him by the throat. The struggle was a terrible one. Over and over they rolled, biting and snarling, the bright emerald of the grass dyeing red with their blood. But, by the time I reached them, the gunshot wound had taken effect, or Tiny's prowess had been effectual, for with his white glistening, foam-flecked teeth snapping ceaselessly at the empty air, the maddened animal made a last effort to reach his antagonist, and died.

But poor Tiny was shockingly mutilated. His head and neck were a continual gash. The sight of one eye was lost, but in the remaining one, through the crimson stream that flowed beside it, I could see the light of joy and love that beamed there that winter's night when he came to our house years before.

There is not much left to be told. Of course I helped the lady into her house, and of course the acquaintance thus formed ripened into intimacy. With passing Time, which is never without events of greater or less import in its train, much happened that was of happiness, and much of sorrow.

We are now the occupants of the Rose Cottage, and a white stone stands before our parlor window. It bears the single word—"Tiny," and marks the spot where he gave up his life to save my wife's. And it were well, perhaps, if those costly memorials gracing the graves of beings higher in the scale of creation said as little, leaving the complement to be filled by the loving memories that breathe from grateful hearts.

VICTOR HUGO'S last work is a terrible arraignment of Napoleon III. whom he treats without mercy. He says that as Emperor he was entitled to the thunderbolt, but he received the blow in a most indignified way—he was "thunder-kicked behind!"

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.—These skeletons are usually prepared by soaking the leaves in blood-warm water until the thin membranous parts have become sufficiently softened by putrefaction to be easily washed out. Dip the remaining portion in a dilute aqueous solution of sodium sulphite, and dry slowly on a piece of bibulous paper in the air.

STREET DUST AND DISEASE.—A Pittsburg chemist contributes to the *Druggist and Chemist*, of this city, an interesting article on the disinfection of streets. He says the dust of streets contains a notable percentage of organic matter which decomposes and assists in the spread of disease, and advises the use of the waste liquors of chemical works as an efficient and very cheap disinfectant.

SOME EFFECTS OF GASLIGHT.—It can scarcely be doubted that for all household requirements—in kitchen or drawing room, bed-room or study—gas is the best means of illumination. Eminent oculists say that experience and experiments both show that when the eyes are protected from the direct action of the bright flame, no injurious results follow. Globes of round and milk-like glass and shades will serve the purpose of protection, but those of clear glass should certainly not be used, for the obvious reason that they do not intercept the flame. The entirely dark tin shades are said to be absolutely hurtful, because they keep the eye in total darkness and make it look upon a glaring strongly-lit surface, which dazzles and irritates the eye. The main point to be borne in mind is that the flame ought to be broken up and the light equally diffused.

CAUSE OF SUDDEN DEATH.—To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died of apoplexy; while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still, chilled after being warmed with labor or rapid walk, going too suddenly from close heated rooms into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood.

FARM AND GARDEN.

RAT-BANE.—A mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats to eat.

PATENT CHICKEN COOP.—A Mrs. Nancy Todd of Missouri, has taken out a patent for isolating chicken coops out of the way of vermilious minks, weasels and rats. It is a contrivance similar to an old-fashioned well sweep, which dangles them in the air at night, leaving the four-footed chicken-fanciers to lick their paws in disgust.

THE BEST SOIL.—The best of all soils on which to establish a poultry yard is gravel, or sand resting on a substratum of gravel. If the soil is clayey, or from other causes retentive of wet, the whole should be well drained. This is essential to success, as a wet soil is more inductive than any other circumstance of cramp, roup and other diseases.

THE GAIT OF THE HORSE.—The walk and gallop are the only natural paces of the wild horse, the trot and canter being acquired, though to some extent exhibited by the domesticated horse before breaking, and evidently the result of the tendency which is always displayed to hand down from one generation to another habits which are not natural to the species.

VALUABLE MANURE.—It is estimated that fifty head of poultry will make more than enough manure for an acre of land—seven cwt. of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fermenting and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way, and those figures demand careful attention from the large farmer.

WORMS IN CELERY.—The best preventive of worms in celery is to mix plenty of salt, soot and lime with the manure that is to be employed in the trenches. This should be added to the manure some weeks before it is used, during which time it should be turned now and then. The mixture above named also benefits the growth of the celery, which will lift clean and spotless compared to that grown in the ordinary way.

SETTING TREES AND SHRUBS.—The difference between a tree or shrub well set in the ground and one imperfectly set is very great. In the one case the tree will become vigorous and thrive so as to afford gratification and profit to the owner. In the other it will die speedily or live out a feeble existence, proving a source of annoyance and disappointment to all who are compelled to look upon it from day to day.

FERTILITY OF SEED.—At a farmers' meeting in Barre, Mass., a member asked, "Why is it that one-third more seed is required sowing grain than in former years before the threshing-machine was invented?" Another thought that the germinating power of a large portion of the seed was destroyed by "the lightning speed of the cylinder;" of late years he had used the flail and the result had justified his conclusions. The suggestion was made that there might be other causes, perhaps of an insect origin.

GARLIC.—Garlic is a popular and highly remunerative crop in sections of Europe. It is one of the most wholesome, and when properly prepared, most delicious of vegetables, and the one of all others which the French cook would least like to be without. It is much used throughout southern Europe and in the East, now as from time immemorial. In Spain a delicious relish is made by pounding garlic in a mortar, with olive or salad oil, until it assumes the consistency of honey, a little lemon juice or apple pulp being added if the flavor is considered too pronounced. An acre of ground will produce from six to ten tons of garlic from seed, while the wholesale value of the crop in France varies from $500 to $700 per acre.

A CHEAP SMOKE HOUSE.—Dig a narrow pit 12 to 18 inches deep, throwing the earth all out on one side. From near the bottom of this pit dig a trench of sufficient length to hold one or two joints of stove pipe, at such an angle as will bring the end away from the pit to the surface of the ground. Over the end of this pipe set a common flour barrel or cask, as may be needed, and, having removed both heads, bank up around it with a little earth so that no smoke can escape at the bottom. Hang the hams, etc., in it, using some round sticks to run through the strings. Putting a cover on the sticks will leave space enough for draft to let the smoke pass freely. Build a smoke fire of corncobs, damp hardwood, or sawdust in the pit, and you will have a cheap, safe and efficient smoke house with very little trouble.

Like Envious Clouds

that obscure a beauteous landscape are the discolorations, blotches, pustules, moth spots, and other defacements which frequently overshadow female charms. A few applications of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH will, however, invariably dispel these blights upon beauty, and restore attractions previously eclipsed more dazzling than ever. So perfectly natural is the delicate hue bestowed by this preparation that no one would ever suppose it to have been produced by an artificial agent.

VIOLETS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Purple and white and beautiful they gleam
Amid their green, sweet, fragrant flower-bells,
Their perfume rare shed on the April air,
Their modest beauty gladd'ning all the dells.

Fair violets—sweet, pure, fresh violets—
Ye rival not perchance the queenly rose;
Yet dearer to me than prouder flowers
Your blossoms in their still and chaste repose.

For, ah, your perfume brings to me again
A vision of my manhood's early dawn—
A pale sweet face, bright crowned with golden hair,
Blue eyes, with pure faith filled of girlhood's morn!

She sleeps—and 'tis the everlasting sleep
That knows no waking till the last dread day.
Passed hath her brief young life, but, ah, from me
Shall ne'er that tender mem'ry die away!

Peace, trembling heart! Methought that I had learned,
After long years of suffering, to forget;
Yet over once again I live my youth
At sight or perfume of a violet!

BITTER-SWEET;

Or, Robert Yorke's Fate and Fortune.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDGED TOOLS," "KING COPHETUA; OR, RUBY NORTH'S LOVERS," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," &C.

CHAPTER VIII.

The rain poured down unceasingly, the wind rose, and blew gustily among the trees and chimney-pots, but Robert Yorke did not feel the chill showers that beat into his face. The thought of home, of the cheerful dinner-table and Gertrude's conversation, was hateful to him. He could not bring himself to face Miss Elizabeth's cold inquisitive eyes and sneering insinuendoes. Better was it to tramp the muddy pavements and be buffeted by the shrill blasts that met him as he struggled round the corners. Out in the dark and the rain there was quietness at least and solitude. And, as soon as it was time for the theatre to open, he would go in for the last time, and look once more at the beautiful cruel face of the woman he loved, and who had never loved him.

Dr. Yorke was the first person to enter the poor ill-patronised little theatre that night. Wet, cold, exhausted, but not feeling so—feeling only a strange feverish pain and confusion in his brain—he passed into the mouldy little box near the stage. He had spent so many happy hours in that shabby old building, he had dreamed so many sweet dreams there, that now, as he looked down into the dim empty pit and the vacant orchestra, where a listless boy was placing sheets of music on the various desks, and remembered the gulf that had opened between this sad heavy-hearted hour and those that were past and gone, a sense of unutterable misery came over him, and he shrank back with a kind of groan into the obscurest corner of the box, burying his face in his wet coat-sleeve. By-and-by a few people, enthusiastic or lonely enough to leave their homes for muddy streets and the damp theatre, dropped in, those in the gallery exchanging audible remarks, and beguiling the tedium of the hour with the cracking of many nuts. Then the orchestra appeared, damp, dispirited, and tardy, and played a waltz, which seemed to Robert Yorke the most melancholy music he had ever heard, though it was bubbling with Offenbachian melodies which the wretched performance could not entirely subdue.

He sat with his haggard eyes fixed on the green curtain that divided him from Olive Carew, conscious of a certain pleasure in the thought that he was breathing the same air with her, that he would hear her voice again though she might never speak to him any more. And when the play began, and Miss Carew ran off the stage with a peal of joyous laughter, and wearing the very white dress on which he had seen her fasten the blue knots that afternoon, it seemed as if the cruel scene they had gone through must have been a dream, that he would wake up presently when the curtain fell, and walk home as usual with his sweetheart through the quiet streets. The actress was quite unconscious of his presence—some instinct forced him to keep well out of sight while he fed his hungry eyes upon her sweet beauty—and she acted with as much sparkle and *espiéglerie* to the dull, empty house as if it had been crowded with the *élite* of Woolchester.

Was the past already forgotten by that bright creature? Robert Yorke wondered jealously. Had every recollection of her brief engagement to the commonplace country doctor faded from her mind? Was there no undertone of pain in the silvery laughter that rang so cruelly in his ears? Or could pain assume joy's shape so easily in women's hands? Another peal of laughter seemed to answer him with mocking mirth, as if defying him to read the truth in the arch, white-lidded eyes that darted sunshine into the foggy pit, from the sweet, smiling lips that he had kissed just once, and would never kiss again. Oh, pretty Olive Carew! Oh, her low voice and delicate tender grace, and the sweet red curve of her girlish lips! Why did she ever shine upon his dull life, to bless it for a while, and to kill him with her falseness?

The play dragged its slow length along and the act-drop had risen for the last time. By-and-by the people would go home yawning and indifferent, not dreaming that the dingy curtain had fallen upon another drama besides that "washed-out" adaptation from the French at which they had been assisting, unconscious of the fact that for one man in the half-empty theatre the end of play meant the death of his youth, and his best life. Some such thoughts as these were passing drearily through Robert Yorke's head when—what was it that made him start to his feet with a groan of shame, passion, despair, and stagger like a man stunned by a blow? The comedy was one of intrigue. The plot was seen to turn chiefly on the fortunes of a love-letter written by the merry widow and conveyed by the smart *soubrette*, who at that moment stood with her hands in her pockets and her head on one side, while Miss Carew, with a pen guiltless of ink, traced in the usual rapid stage fashion the words which she was presently to read aloud.

"There, Flouncey!" she cried, signing her name with an elaborate flourish, and throwing down the pen. "I think that will mystify my guardian, and assure the Captain that he need fear no rival in my affections. Listen!"

And, as Miss Carew, or "Madame de Haut-ton," read the composition aloud, every drop of blood in Robert Yorke's veins seemed to freeze, the lights and faces of the theatre seemed to dazzle him, and burn into his very brain. For—line for line, word for word, he recognized it only too well!—the letter written by the merry stage-widow, and read with archest mischief and laughter by Miss Carew in that character, was the letter on the evidence of which he had chosen to condemn the woman he loved, but could not trust—the letter stolen from the actress' room a week before by Elizabeth Yorke.

* * * * * * *

There was a terrible scene the next morning at the house in George street. Miss Yorke indeed would still have affected unbelief in the actress, and insinuated that the introduction of the letter in the play was merely one of Miss Carew's clever tricks. But the doctor's wrath was so tremendous that she was glad to take refuge in a sour and discontented silence until the storm had somewhat abated. Then she asserted herself once more, and told Gertrude that she had better pack up her things and accompany her to Lincolnshire, as one house would never be able to hold them and the doctor's wife.

"My wife!" echoed Robert Yorke, laughing bitterly. "You need not be afraid—I have insulted Miss Carew quite deeply enough already. Do you suppose I would add to my folly and cruelty by asking her to enter such a family as this?"

"Oh, Robert!" said Gertrude, beginning to cry.

"I don't speak for you, child," her cousin answered, softening—"you have harmed no one—but for myself and your aunt, who will go with me this morning and apologize with me to the young lady we have both so foully wronged."

Miss Elizabeth colored angrily, and made an exclamation that sounded rebellious.

"Oh, aunt Elizabeth, do go!" sobbed Gertrude. "If Robert is willing to apologize, surely you need not be ashamed to do so."

"Gertrude, you are a fool!" snapped Miss Yorke, tapping her foot on the floor and swallowing her wrath with difficulty.

The doctor turned to leave the room, and his cousin, timidly approaching him, whispered that she would persuade her aunt.

"And Olive will not be hard upon you, cousin," she added, faltering and blushing; "she knows how you—you love her, and she will forgive you, and all will be as it was before this dreadful mistake occurred."

Robert laid his hand so gently upon Gertrude's head that the poor girl blushed with still more unbecoming intensity.

"You are a good girl, Gertie," he said kindly. "You are the only one in our family who never said an unkind word to—Miss Carew. But you must not think that her engagement to me will ever be renewed, my dear. That is all over now. I was never worthy of her."

Miss Elizabeth uttered an ejaculation of contempt.

"You will be ready in half an hour," her nephew said quietly as he left the room. "If you are not, you will understand that my house is no longer your home, and that we are strangers to each other from to-day."

No one but herself knew of the throes and struggles gone through by Miss Yorke before she could make up her mind to kiss the rod. But the Doctor was to triumph. After all, the house in George Street was a more desirable place of residence than the farm in Lincolnshire, where her brother's wife reigned absolutely, having come off victorious in more than one domestic skirmish between the two ladies in older days. Then there was Gertrude to be thought of, as her jaunt reminded herself. When that "player-woman" was brought home—for Miss Elizabeth had no hope that Miss Carew would release the Doctor, notwithstanding all his fine speeches—Gertrude would want some respectable feminine influence about her, or who could tell but that she might learn to be as good-for-nothing and affected as the actress herself?

Accordingly, at the hour appointed, Dr. Yorke found Miss Elizabeth, in an elaborate toilet, smiles on her lips, and anger in her eyes, awaiting his appearance, and the two set off together for Olive Carew's lodging. It was a very silent drive. The man's heart was heavy with bitter unavailing regrets; the lady was mentally rehearsing her apology, resolving to render it as little apologetic as possible, and to neutralize the humility of her words by the uncompromising coolness of her manner. And before many minutes they were at the old house with the iron gate, the commonplace little suburban scene that Robert Yorke would never be able to look at as long as he lived without the keenest and most sacred emotion—the place where he had so often held Olive's hand in his, and looked down into her maidenly eyes—where he had once kissed her on the lips—but, to Miss Yorke, an iron gate, and nothing more. Something in the look of the place struck a chill to the Doctor's heart as he handed Miss Yorke from the carriage. Some melancholy wisps of straw lay round the steps; the windows of the parlor—the beloved dingy parlor—were thrown wide open, and from one of them a strip of carpet was hanging out. An old play-bill was blowing about on the grass, and two men were carrying away the little hired piano in a van.

"I am afraid Miss Carew is going away," he said, breaking the grim silence that had lasted during the drive; "we are only just in time."

"Going away!" echoed Miss Yorke scornfully. "Not she—she knows when she is well off, never fear!"

But, when they knocked at the door, they were told by Mrs. Allen, who looked a good deal puzzled and flurried, that her lodgers had already gone but that a letter had been left for Doctor Yorke.

As they followed the little woman into her modest sitting-room, a tall young fellow dressed in gray and with a long golden beard appeared at the head of the staircase, and descended rapidly at sight of them.

"Miss Yorke," he said hurriedly, "will you be kind enough to come up-stairs and speak to my cousin, Lady Tempest, who is in great anxiety about Miss Carew?"

Lady Tempest—the words took away Miss Yorke's breath—and "in great anxiety about Miss Carew!" Oh, perhaps it was with Lady Tempest's son or husband that the actress had run away! Miss Elizabeth followed Colonel Dacre briskly upstairs, sustained by the hope of hearing her own worst suspicions about the actress confirmed, and of silencing Robert at once and for ever on the subject of Olive Carew's wrongs.

"Here, Flossy," cried Jack Dacre, bursting into the familiar little parlor, which looked strangely bare and sad and dismantled, as the Doctor saw with a remorseful pang, "I have brought Miss Yorke and her brother, who were Olive's best friends in Woolchester."

A pretty little blonde woman in a travelling-dress turned from the window at these words, and ran forward in an eager way.

"Can you tell me anything of Miss Carew?" she exclaimed impulsively, seizing both Miss Elizabeth's strong hands in hers. "What has become of the poor girl, and why has she run away from us all?"

Miss Elizabeth's face fell.

"We hoped your ladyship could explain that mystery," she said, curtseying, and as sweetly as her disappointment would permit.

"I!" echoed little Lady Tempest. "I know nothing—I can guess nothing. I came to Woolchester last night with my cousin, Colonel Dacre, hoping to take Miss Carew home with me to Silverdale until the time for their marriage, and I find that she is no longer here. I never was so distressed about anything in my life!"

"No doubt Miss Carew had her reasons, my lady," suggested Miss Elizabeth, with a happy mingling of spite and obsequiousness.

"But my cousin saw her three days ago. What can have occurred since?"

The two men were talking earnestly together in the window, and Lady Tempest, sitting down on the horsehair sofa by Miss Yorke's side, went on with pretty earnestness to explain how Olive's engagement to Jack Dacre had been broken off two years before by the girl herself, who had behaved very nobly, and how wretched the young man had been ever since.

"And all through me!" the charming blonde cried, blushing a little as she raised her blue eyes to Miss Elizabeth's hard smiling face. "I was not so good or so unselfish as Miss Carew or as poor old Jack. I did not want to give up the money which depended on my marriage with him. I can hardly believe it now when I look back—it does not seem possible that I can be the heartless girl of those days. But"—the blue eyes sank, and Lady Tempest continued under her breath—"I had never been in love then, and how could I tell what the poor things were suffering?"

Miss Elizabeth tried to look sympathetic. She was almost forgetting her hatred of the actress, and her desire of hopelessly blackening her character, in the intoxication of the present interview.

"But very soon after that," the little lady was going on, "while Jack was abroad, and poor Olive was hiding from us all and struggling on in her profession, I met Ernest—my husband—and I forgot all about the money. I wonder people ever trouble themselves about such trifles, don't you? It is all Jack's now, but I have Ernest and my baby-boy—oh, Miss Yorke"—Lady Tempest clasped her little hands in their long fawn-colored gloves—"you should see my boy! We have called him Ernest Dacre, and he is as brown as a berry, and has great gipsy-black eyes, and light curls all over his head, and six teeth already! Just think of it—six teeth, and he is only eight months old! Nurse says it is perfectly wonderful!"

"Dear me, my lady!" ejaculated Miss Elizabeth, who was not easily interested in babies, but who made an exception in favor of such an aristocratic infant. "He must be a sweet little fellow indeed!"

The happy young mother laughed and blushed.

"I tell my cousin he ought to be very grateful to me for coming away from him, and from Ernest, and Silverdale, just when the trees are budding so beautiful too! But I would do more than that to make Jack happy. He is such a dear good old fellow, and he is head over ears in love with Miss Carew. Not that that is at all surprising. I remember her as being quite a beauty, and Jack says she is perfectly well-bred."

Miss Elizabeth's ideas were undergoing a rapid revolution. True, her dislike of Olive remained unchanged, as it would remain until her dying day; but, if the actress was looked upon as a desirable connection by such people as Lady Tempest and her cousin, why should she not be equally desirable for Dr. Yorke? The marriage would certainly lead to a very agreeable intimacy between their family and "the Tempests," and then what a chance there would be of settling Gertrude in life.

"You are aware, my lady, I presume," Miss Yorke began, reddening, "that Miss Carew is engaged to my brother? Indeed it is in consequence of some little quarrel between them—a mere lover's quarrel, your ladyship—that Olive has thought fit to give us all this anxiety."

"Engaged to your brother? Impossible!" cried Lady Tempest, rising dismayed. "I beg your pardon, I mean that Jack declares he has never released her from her promise to him, so how——"

"Dr. Yorke has explained everything to me, Flossy," put in Colonel Dacre, advancing towards the two ladies at that moment. "You see, here is the poor child's letter in which she asks his pardon for some hasty words she spoke to him at parting, and declares that it will be useless to seek her, as she has resolved never to marry."

"Of course—never to marry Dr. Yorke!" cried Lady Tempest naively. "All we have to do now, Jack, is to find out where Olive is. The rest will be like the finish to the old nursery stories."

"If I can be of any service to Miss Carew," said Robert Yorke, who was looking very wan and haggard, "she may command me to the day of my death. She is a noble and beautiful young creature who has been grievously wronged by me and by my family—and I would ask her pardon on my knees."

Miss Elizabeth tossed her head. She did not like the stiffness with which Colonel Dacre saw fit to bear himself towards her, nor was she slow to observe that since the Doctor's speech Lady Tempest was following her cousin's lead.

"I will ask you to communicate with me, Dr. Yorke, should you ever obtain a clue to Miss Carew's address," said Jack Dacre, shaking hands with the Doctor heartily enough at parting. "The little woman of the house keeps the secret so well that I suspect she does not know it, the manager of the theatre is no better informed, but it will be hard if by dint of perseverance and patience I do not send you some good news. Now, Flossy, if you are ready, I will put you into the carriage, child, and take you back by the next train to that turbulent young gentleman at Silverdale."

And so ended Miss Elizabeth's hopes of an aristocratic connexion for her niece. A very frigid little bow from Lady Tempest brought the interview to a close, and in furious silence Miss Yorke followed her nephew out of the house, and through the little iron gate, which Robert Yorke was not to see again for nearly a year.

"What a dreadful woman!" said Jack Dacre with a shudder, as he drove away with his cousin. "To think of my beautiful, sensitive Olive breathing the same air as that ogress in red and green ribbons!"

"Oh, Jack, don't be hard upon Miss Yorke!" pleaded little Lady Tempest. "I am so sorry for her, though she would smile so painfully and call me 'Your ladyship.' I could not help wondering as I looked at her what it must be like to grow old as she has done. Oh, Jack, just fancy a woman never having an Ernest or a little son of her own to love! No wonder the old maids get spiteful, poor things!"

"Flossy, child, your sentiments are noble if somewhat incoherent, and your expressions are correct, my little cousin." Colonel Dacre, whose face had been radiant with hopeful determination ever since his conversation with the Doctor, took little Lady Tempest's hand and kissed it.

"You must help me to convert Olive. How would you like to see her wither away into old maidenhood, when she might have a Jack of her own instead?"

"The idea is ridiculous, Jack! A lovely girl like that!"

"So I think."

"Only find her, dear, and I promise you there shall be a wedding at Silverdale as soon as the dressmakers will permit!"

"Ah, yes—find her!" echoed Jack, becoming suddenly grave. "Who shall say when and where that will come to pass? My poor sweet foolish girl!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STREET CAR ROMANCE.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY HALE LEWISON.

Yes, sir, if you get on to this car, which passes Nine Hundred and Ninety-first street at a quarter past six in the morning, there you will find me any morning; and I can tell you pretty accurately who else will get on the car, excepting a few casuals, during its four-mile trip to the down town terminus. There is quite a pleasant company of us who go down on this car every morning. It would be a tedious trip from Nine Hundred and Ninety-first street down town if it were not for the company. To a stranger, now, I can imagine, the trip would be only so many blocks of dwellings, so many little neighborhoods of small stores in the suburbs, so many entrances into and exits from knots of factories, and finally such a long stretch of the larger and handsomer down-town stores. All very tedious, especially in the early morning; but, bless you! we don't see them. We are such good company that before we know it the trip is made and we are down town. You wouldn't think a street car a favorable place for pleasant converse? No; it isn't. But we don't talk. We understand each other far better by not talking. There is Mr. Oldboy, now—Mr. Oldboy and I make up the little company I have mentioned—there is never a need for him to say a word. Any observation he may make about a passing occurrence, I understand perfectly when he merely looks over from his corner of the car to my corner. We have never spoken a word together. In fact, I don't know that Oldboy is his name, anywhere but in our company. I think he is a janitor in the polytechnic college building, for he gets off the car there.

That gentleman with such a fierce moustache—enough for half a dozen slashing dragoons—and a beetling brow, and an habitual look of having the ponderous affairs of a score of empires on his mind—that ferocious-looking gentleman, I have learned, is a tailor. Why is it that gentlemen engaged in that peaceful avocation so frequently affect savage moustaches and look as if overburdened with concerns of state? That old lady who has just got on—the one with the iron-gray hair, red cheeks as plump as a girl's, short comfortable dress, and warm wrap tight about her shoulders—she is going to her stall in the market. Doesn't she make you think at once of the sweetest butter, the freshest eggs, and the crispest vegetables to be had in the whole market? The tall lady next her is a mystery. What she can be going for at this time of the morning, and where she can be going for it, I can't tell. But there she is, and with such a suggestiveness about her of neat and cosy rooms in a well-ordered home, that you wonder how ever she comes to be out of doors at this hour. I am of the opinion that every woman is, primarily, a failure unless her appearance suggests, first and most strongly, domestic comforts. For instance, that female with the bloom badly worn off, despite her smart hat and her frizzed hair. Too much angularity there, sir, and a peculiar springiness which makes you involuntarily think—Cats!

This is the everyday business, sir, and it is not trying. But the extraordinary happenings—it is those that make these trips too exciting for an old man like me to be making them every morning—three hundred and odd a year. You don't see the excitement? Of course not, being a stranger; but I can tell you that Mr. Oldboy and I have had it fast and strong enough, particularly of late. What was it? Why, nothing less than the almost miraculous escape of an innocent girl from most diabolical persecutions. She was a regular passenger on this line for about a year; she got off always at Meadames street, and, I supposed at once, was there employed in some millinery or fancy store. I never heard a more eloquent denunciation of villainy than the denunciation Mr. Oldboy looked over to me the first morning her persecuter came on to our car. Such a sodden face as he had! Such clothing—telling of a fading smartness, a fortune recklessly and rapidly spent! As he sat watching the girl out of the corner of his eye, pretending not to be watching at all, his face and manner said to Mr. Oldboy and I, and said it much plainer than his tongue could:

"I've got my eye on you, miss. You're not going to have any tete a-tetes with that sprig of a lover of yours, on your way to your work, by crash! There's a fortune waiting for me, and I want it, by crash! And to get it I've got to marry you, by crash! And that's what I'm going to do, by crash! I won't go to work, but I'll keep my coat on, by crash! And your father shall keep his coat on, though he has failed in his little business; and he shall help me to marry you so as to get a lift again when I get the fortune, by crash!"

What did the girl's face and manner say to this? Her face and manner said—likewise as plainly as her tongue could have said it:

"Oh, why, why, why was such a wicked will ever made? Oh, poor father! how gladly I would help you in your misfortune, in any way except by marrying this wretched profligate! Oh, Sam, Sam—my dear and loving Sam!—can't you and won't you deliver me from this Ogre and take me to yourself?"

Every morning there was the Ogre and there was the persecuted girl. Of course Mr. Oldboy and I became much excited over the diabolical scheme which was going on right under our eyes. Mr. Oldboy is very apt in getting to the bottom of such things as this, and perhaps I have a little aptitude in that way. What he made out he looked across to me, and what I made out I looked across to him. All together, we made out that the matter must stand about thus:

The Ogre had had a fair fortune left him absolutely by his father, and an equal sum conditioned upon his marrying the daughter of the father's early friend, because this daughter would, if anybody could, restrain the Ogre's evil propensities if she were married to him, she being so good and so devoted. But the father had miscalculated. The Ogre had never a thought about the girl while he was wasting that part of the fortune which he had got hold of. Then, just as the Ogre had finished his portion and was perforce casting about for some new resource, the girl's father made an honest failure in business, and was reduced from independence to comparative want. In fact, the disaster so unsettled his mind that the Ogre took him captive with his scheme for getting the second fortune by marrying the girl. Allie (the girl) had not much minded it when the Ogre alone persecuted her with his loathsome attentions, but it was very hard on her when her father added his entreaties. They made her feel sometimes as if she were really responsible for all her family's hardships and for keeping them in want, because she would not marry the Ogre so that he might have money to set her father on his feet again. But what could she do? Even if her troth were not plighted, ought she to make such a wretched sacrifice of herself as to marry the Ogre? Surely it was very hard on Allie, and it was no better when she got a place in a store, for her small earnings went for next to nothing when set against the family needs. And all the time, "Keep your coat on!" said the Ogre to Allie's father, and so prevented him from honorable exertion which might have been successful in retrieving his fortune.

Mr. Oldboy and I had made up our minds that the Ogre would win at last by sheer persistence, when one morning, at the very corner where Allie always entered the car, a bit of a newsboy we had never seen before, came on board. He was such a mere dot of a boy, and he had such a shrill, odd voice, that everybody laughed when he cried out:

"Pa-a-a-a-ay-p-u-rrr!"

However, though they all laughed, several people bought papers of the chit, for his very oddity. Allie herself bought one, gave the chit a five-cent piece, and said, as he fumbled his fat little hand in his lean little pocket for change:

"Never mind the change—keep it."

"Pa-a-a-a-ay-p-u-rrr!" shrieked the chit as if he were for the first time announcing his presence; and everybody laughed again.

Then the chit winked at Allie by way of acknowledging her generosity, and Allie's face grew very red.

So it went on for a week—the chit of a newsboy always coming into the car at the same place, and never forgetting to favor Allie with a wink. At last, the chit came into the car one morning in greater force than ever, for he actually startled us all, so shrilly did he cry:

"Pa-a-a-a-ay-p-u-rrr!"

Don't you begin to see now how it is coming out? Why, that very morning, for the first time, the Ogre did not come upon the car; but a fine-looking young fellow came, and Allie was so pleased, and so innocent in showing her pleasure, that we knew that the fine-looking young fellow was her Sam, come at last!

Mr. Oldboy was scarcely a minute in making it all out, nor was I much longer; and when we looked across at each other we saw that we agreed perfectly. This is how we made it out to be:

Sam had come into his little fortune a week or two before, and could and would do everything for Allie's father that the Ogre promised to do. But the Ogre watched so closely that Sam could not tell how the land lay. So he got the chit of a newsboy to spy it out for him. When he thus had it all right, he sent a message to the Ogre that kept him away from the car that morning and left the field clear for a chat with Allie. Of course they were not long in arranging matters, and Allie has never gone down on our car since that time. She must have been Mrs. Sam by ten o'clock that morning, judging from the business-like look of Sam.

How do I know all this, or anything at all about these persons, whom I have never spoken to, nor about? It is all imagination and moonshine, is it? Why, my good sir, suppose I ask you to tell me why it might not all be? Ah! there I have you! But it is too exciting a life for me, with such things happening right under your nose, so that you can't shut your eyes to them.

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, publish a work called Ingersoll, Beecher and Dogma, or a few simple truths and their logical deductions, in which the positions of Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Beecher are considered in two lectures, entitled, "Mephisto, Minotaurus and the Absolute Necessities," by R. S. Dement. This work is well written, shows a deal of research and erudition, and puts forth a strong array of facts and arguments brilliantly opposed to the trio which it combats. It is printed in clear type upon excellent paper, and comprises 155 pages. Price, $1.00.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, send us their elegant publication of Francatelli's Modern Cook Book—a practical guide to the culinary art in all its branches. It comprises not only the best English recipes, but also the most recherche French, Italian and German cookery, and is published to meet the wants of hotels, restaurants, cake bakers, as well as private families. The author is the pupil of one of the chief cooks of the Queen of England. There are 1462 recipes in this work, of great value, and sixty-two illustrations of various dishes. The book has passed through nine editions in England, and without doubt will meet with great success here. One volume, cloth; price, $5.00

J. Donkey & Co., of this city, publish an amusing satire, in verse, called Geology. It is a happy hit, is well written, and really deserves an encore. The author, whoever he is, is a genius and a poet, and he ought to repeat the dose. The American News Co. have this little brochure for sale.

Messrs. A. Barnes & Co., of New York, send us a philological and historical chart, showing the development and progress of the literatures of the world, their importance, their influence upon each other, and the century in which each influence was experienced, by A. E. D. Rupert. This is a very unique and clever map, which will be found indispensible to every student, and it has been thoroughly and profoundly arranged. It contains a list of the standard authors of each country, with their works, the division of languages into classes, families and groups, and the date of the first settlement, discovery and conquests of all countries, with their governments, religion, area, population, etc. Full mounted, price $5.00. This chart is dedicated to educational establishments.

MAGAZINES.

The *American Agriculturist* for March is a bright number, full of illustrations and original matter, and is just the thing for farmers. Published by the Orange Judd Co., of New York. Price per number, 15 cents. $1.50 per annum.

The magazine of *American History* for April, 1878, is a fine number. It contains a good biographical notice of Col. Peter Force, the American Annalist, written by Prof. George W. Green. A fine portrait of Col. Force supplements the article. The historical article is by Col. John Ward, called the "Continental Congress before the Declaration of Independence. An original document—the visit of the Mohawks to Fort Penobscot, 1662, is communicated by B. Fernon. Then follow interesting reprints, notes, queries and replies, March proceedings of the New York Historical Society, and literary notices. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York.

NEWS of INTEREST

—Miss Braddon has finished her thirty first novel.

—Boston's new post office has already cost over $4,000,000.

—Mrs. Partington is a stout, benevolent-looking old gent.

—Boston has a man dressmaker, who is a Maine man, a native of Auburn.

—The Chinese nation has just celebrated its 360th centennial, or 32,000th New Year.

—Cattle are dying all over the State of Kansas, it is supposed from eating smut in the cornfields.

—John Jacob Astor has made another reduction of his rents this season, the third since the panic.

—Lightning is reported to have taken off the boots of a Georgia negro without hurting him a particle.

—Only one of the Russian generals that have earned distinction during the war, Skobeloff, is a Russian.

—The grand hall for musical performances in the Exposition building at Paris will seat 6,000 persons.

—A young and attractive school-mistress at Memphis, Tenn., has proved to be guilty of several forgeries.

—Rumors are again current that Theodore Tilton and his wife are to be reunited, and to go to Europe together.

—In Boston a bold thief stole a letter carrier's key and uniform and went over the usual route, emptying all the boxes.

—Four men were killed in five minutes lately in a quarrel growing out of a suit for a yoke of oxen at Junction City, Texas.

—Telephones are being put into all of the police stations in Boston, connecting them with each other and with the office of the chief.

—The new Mormon temple, now being built of granite, will be an imposing structure, and will cost, according to estimates, $5,000,000.

—The new Pope wears the same gold ring alleged to have been worn by Peter, the fisherman, and which has come down the whole Papal line of fingers.

—Lord Palmerston was never without a wisp of straw in his mouth, and when in the House of Lords was always seemingly asleep, but yet very much awake.

—A Chicago lover confidingly told in a letter to his sweetheart all about a forgery he had committed. Lately he jilted her, and, in revenge, she gave the letter to the police.

—There are four hundred societies in Paris which give annual balls. Among them are the True Friends of Butchering, the Mirror of the Virtues, the Friends of Prudence, and the Imitators of Bees.

—A Newton county Georgia negro carried three 200-pound sacks a distance of 600 yards. He took a sack in each hand and took the third sack between his teeth. The same negro can hold any mule in the county by the hind legs.

—The Dutch, if a pauper who is able refuses to work, put him into a deep cistern and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that by briskly plying a pump with which the cistern is furnished he keeps himself from drowning.

—A tramp has been practicing a new dodge at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He took an envelope and placing in it a piece of folded paper, entered the business houses asking for a stamp to put on it. He succeeded in getting quite a number before he was arrested.

—Mr. Tennyson is working upon an historical drama which will complete the trilogy of dramas upon the great and memorable characters and events in English history, which he originally contemplated, "Queen Mary" and "Harold" having already appeared.

—In Michigan on a narrow gauge railway, the mails are carried by a velocipede. The two main wheels run on the same rail, while a small guide wheel reaches over to the other rail and keeps the vehicle on the track. The highest speed attained is fifteen miles an hour.

—The city treasurer of Pittsburg bestirs the tax payers in a peculiar fashion. He hires a big wagon, decorates it with banners, puts a brass band into it, and six horses draw the wagon, music and banners all over the city. On the banners appear in large letters the words, "Pay your taxes before the first if you desire to save 10 per cent.

—Sir W. Gull in a letter to the London (Eng.) Lancet, calls attention to the fact that Mr. Youatt the famous scientist, was four times bitten by a dog decidedly rabid, but applying caustic freely he felt no after effects. Sir W. Gull says that if he had to choose a treatment for himself he would inhale ether and have the whole track of the wound destroyed by strong nitric acid or nitrate of silver.

—Paris is busy with the preparations for the approaching opening of the Exhibition, and delights in the sincere interest which the Prince of Wales is showing in them. The heir apparent to the British Crown is more than ever the lion of the hour. Being extremely fond of the gayeties of Paris, he takes advantage of his position as President of the British Royal Commission to spend in the French capital all the time and money he can spare. He shows himself everywhere, and the amiability and easiness of his manners have enabled him to bring ultra-Republicans and ultra-Monarchists together on terms of the best sociability.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL. Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D.
1821

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1878.

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FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

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THE public demand is increasing for live and high-toned periodicals like the POST.

THE intellectual needs of life are the only ones which need our attention; all others are trivial in comparison.

IN the REVIEWER will be found notices of all the best books, papers and magazines, which are worthy of perusal.

PHANTOMS, which has so long interested our readers, will conclude in this number. A fine new story, by the same author, will take its place.

HOME CULTURE, in book form, as published by Messrs. Porter & Coates, should be procured by all as soon as it appears, and read thoroughly.

A WEEKLY literary paper should be read in quietude and in the calm hours of leisure. In this respect it differs from a daily, whose news forms part of the stirring excitement of the daily work of men.

AN old established paper is considered without doubt to be a standard authority, and a publication worthy of the esteem, confidence and support of its readers. In the same category belongs the OLD SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WE could fill the entire space of our paper with the written commendations we receive daily respecting its conduct. The POST is a STANDARD paper, and a perfect model of what a paper of its kind should be.

WHILE there is so much good matter to read, it is folly and criminal waste of time to devote one's self to any other, and the readers of the POST recognize the merit of the reading matter contained in the paper, and never fail to profit by it, for the universal verdict is that it is the best miscellaneous and story paper in existence.

THE American writers are now beginning to usurp the field. The productions of our writers are widely copied on the other side of the Atlantic, and are translated into many tongues. We are at last showing the world that we can produce as fine examples of literary talent and genius as the other nations. Surely there is plenty of talent in this country, and it only needs a popular stimulus to rouse it to full action.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM, a new and highly finished story, by the well known litterateur, C. Leon Gumpert, will appear in our next. It is in a different vein and style from any of this writer's previous productions, and it will be found by all our readers, when judged upon its merits, to be a sterling story of original power and effect. Mr. Gumpert has achieved a well-deserved reputation in the line of stories, for they have been copied far and wide, and meet with general approval.

THE LOVERS OF ORDMORE, a powerful and beautiful serial story, will be commenced in the next number of the POST, and we do not doubt that it will cause a great sensation, and meet with unqualified approval and success. The scene is laid in Ordmore Castle, in the west of Scotland, and the pictures of character and high life introduced, are wrought with great skill and power. The narrative throughout is a pure love story of intense interest, and cannot fail to please our readers.

THE very able dissertation upon the "Spring Opening," Spring styles and toilettes, which was begun in FASHION NOTES in our last number, is continued in this, and the lady readers of the POST will find the entire article one of the ablest of its kind, since it tells in a very charming way of the very things which are desired in the way of refined and elegant apparel, at this season of the year. It will be well to observe that in the last number a variety of low-priced garments, wraps and costumes were noted, and the editor of this Department is really conferring a benefit upon its patrons by meeting so completely their wants and wishes. FIRESIDE CHAT always contains good things, and the recipes therein contained ought to be specially preserved for future use, as they are all valuable.

THE POST calls the attention of its readers to the fact that it does not desire to enter into any rivalry with any of its contemporaries, simply because its field is entirely its own—a broad original field, and one, too, which none of its competitors in the same line have the chance for success. The POST first wins its readers, and by its merit retains them; by the continued and progressive excellence of all its Departments. It works in a field, too, entirely its own, for having made itself the friend of every family where it goes; having violated no principles of taste, or good sense, or propriety by its matter; having gained hosts of friends everywhere; having ministered to the intellectual needs of the men, women and children who are its patrons and supporters, it considers itself strong, and has no need to fear the encroachment of competition in any shape or direction. There is no weekly literary paper in existence which has so successfully endeavored to advance the tone and the style of its various specialties, whether in the form of stories or miscellany. It has done great good in the past, and will continue to do so in the future.

THE FUTURE OF OUR BOYS.

One of the most cruel things in this world is to repress the natural bent of mind of a child. A great deal of the bitter history of humanity is due to such repression, and it has been productive of terrible results in sensitive natures.

Children are by no means alike in their tastes and distastes. They all possess their specific individuality which requires careful and vigilant study on the part of the parent. Then again, the most important thing to consider is the health of the young creature. As a contemporary writer remarks, "Many a young fellow has lost his life through being put to a business for which he was constitutionally unfit."

What we must set ourselves therefore determinedly to do is to find out what is the child's special bent, and that is in whatever he takes the most pleasure. It is no use saying all children like play. Play is a word of wide signification. What kind of play? In this the parent may find the indications of what the child's future career should be.

Dr. Watts was whipped for making verses; Kepler, the astronomer, was thrust into the position of waiter; Ben Jonson was a mason; Lord Clive was a poor clerk, and Cowper was doomed to a law office and hated the very sight of law books after he left it.

Many instances might thus be given of the same sort, and there cannot be too much reproach given to parents and guardians for the misfeasance of neglecting to see to the future of their children.

The best education of a boy is that which he intuitively absorbs by the very craving of his taste and talent, and not that which is to him a gloomy series of tasks and in reality an unprofitable labor, and men would not lead deplorable lives of failure if this was better understood. Therefore, mothers and fathers, consider well the tastes, dispositions and cravings of the young spirit, to direct its course through the career of its hereafter, and may God prosper the future of all our boys!

SANCTUM CHAT.

POSSIBLY if the phonograph comes into use, it will supplant the need of the printed page, and persons can then listen to an entire novel and all the miscellany and news of the day, read aloud by this machine. It will be a great thing for the blind.

THERE is a case recently reported of a certain young man somewhere down South, who was poisoned by having the photograph of his girl taken upon his arm. It seems that he wanted to lead the fashion in this particular, and securing the services of a photographer, had a print made from a negative upon his bare arm. The chemicals used in this experiment disagreed with our lover, and a serious poisoning was the consequence. Just to think what might happen if this fashion came into vogue! A fellow might have a score of photographs of his girls on his arm, and more serious consequences than poisoning ensue.

THERE is a club in London called the "Exclusive," and no human being can become a member unless he or she takes an oath to forever eschew the commonplace, and to seek a high ideal in art and letters. The result of this is that the club has only three members as yet, who have so pledged themselves into a species of total abstinence society, and they consist of a disappointed author and authoress, and a poet whose first and only volume fell dead at the moment of its debut. This singular association is an entirely Utopian one, and mutual admiration is the business of the hour. This trinity of high thoughts and high aims is as happy as happy can be in the thought that it is quite "exclusive," and that the literature of the future is to be of its creation. The members of this club are waiting until all the low people, the people of muddling ideas, the fools who believe in "hits," and the rapscallians called publishers all are extinct, and their motto is "the survival of the fittest."

A PAPER in New York which is patronized by persons who like an affectation of culture, thinks proper to express its opinion of Poe's writings, to the effect that an enthusiasm for that writer is a mark of a primitive order of reflection. What is precisely meant by this statement we are unable to conjecture. The same critic, subsequently, in the same article, calls Poe "a charlatan." If Edgar A. Poe were now living he would enjoy this criticism as a good joke, simply because he was wiser than he appeared to careless readers, and many of his writings are to be considered only as a species of pleasantry, which this eccentric genius saw fit to play off when the humor suited him. Perhaps the writer of the above critique read Poe's "Eureka" as a serious thing, and did not discover that it was a mass of mystification, and intended as such by the writer. Poe was not a "charlatan;" he was an ingenious writer, who loved to mystify for the sake of novelty. His cunning analysis of his own poem, "The Raven," leads us to this conclusion, or when he writes under the mask of seriousness, his "Poetic Principle." Only such a man could write the "Gold Bug," and the ghastly narrative of "Some Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," "The Balloon Hoax," and the ingenious analysis of "Maelzel's Chess Player." It is not fair to call a writer a quack who writes with the effect Poe does; or to stigmatize his admirers as enthusiasts possessed of a child's perception, because they find in him a vein of peculiar talent, and an abnormal literary faculty. Poe could write better critiques than the New York paper above alluded to, and that is not saying much in his praise.

As an example of the instantaneous gratification of a wish, there was a case happened once in that region of absurd things, queer doings and ridiculous myths, namely "Out West," where a sportsman wandering around all day without bagging anything, was wishing he could get a shot at a bear. At this juncture from out the thicket pounces a big grizzly who had been at the same time wishing for a mouthful of humanity, and both wishes were instantly gratified—the man got his shot, and the bear his mouthful of humanity.

THERE is some apparatus which an ingenious mechanic of the future will have to invent for the poor creatures who are obliged to use their pens, and that is a machine to register upon paper, clearly and distinctly the thoughts of an author, without the everlasting slavery of being compelled to dip pen into inkstand and scratch with an unsympathetic instrument upon paper which is only prone to blot and error. If the *phonograph* of Edison comes into practical use, it will indeed be a boon to those who have to transcribe thoughts into words, and words into pot-hooks and hangers. An author some one of these days, it is to be hoped not far off, will only have to speak his thoughts into the transcribing machine to have them registered perfectly for the printer. Then there will be no such thing as a typographical error, for the printers will understand fully the meaning of every word uttered, and will do their best to interpret them in type.

THE correspondent of some paper says: "The writer of a recent Philadelphia novel is expected, if she keeps improving at the present rate, to rival George Eliot," and a Southern romance promised from Chicago is to combine, "to a considerable extent," the weirdness of Hawthorne, with the mysticism of Bulwer, and the wonderful imaginative descriptions of nature which have made the works of Jules Verne so effective. Now we know an author who does far better than either of these heralded stars of literature. He combines the style of Addison with the rhythm of Pope, the hair-raising romance of Reynolds with the profound balderdash of the author of "Warwick," the scrawl of Horace Greeley with the wisdom of Æsop, and we have just launched one of his productions into our capacious and well-filled editorial waste basket. Then again we have an authoress whose "swash" is simply indescribable, and it combines the gush of Ouida with the melancholy misery of Lady Emilina Caterwaulia, and the pleasant, sparkling epigram of Miss Wildflower, and we have disposed of her manuscripts in the same way.

THE new rules, for young writers, adopted by the youths who edit the *Acta Columbiana*, the Columbia College magazine, viz: "First let the writer, without any research, put down his own ideas upon his subject. Then let him read, and note the ideas of others. Then let him write his ideas as modified and developed by reading. Finally, let him combine these three classes of ideas in one harmonious whole," are hardly as good as the two rules given by a litterateur to neophytes not long since; viz: "First have something to say. Second, 'say it.'" Prose needs no trifling with. It must be spontaneous. It must be *currente calamo*, written with a dash of the pen, and if an author has 'something to say,' it will not be difficult to 'say it.' The trouble is, the mass of young writers have, in reality, nothing to say, and hence the difficulty of literary composition. The best writers have written *currente calamo*. Balzac, the great French writer, was an exception. He went over his manuscripts and his proofs till the printers became wild. But Dickens, Scott and Thackeray wrote off hand. There is probably a good deal of truth contained in the Spanish proverb: "It was left in the ink-stand," for a thorough re-reading of one's manuscript is apt to suggest the unpleasant fact that a great deal was left there which can never be fished out.

IF persons are interested in the future of the old contributors to *Harper's*, the *Tribune* furnishes the following facts as to these bright people: Dr. Guernsey, the former editor, is engaged in literary work; John S. C. Abbott is dead; Austin is a lawyer; Lyman helps to edit the *Christian Union*; Miss Mary Titcomb is an employe of Harper's; Benson J. Lossing lives on the Hudson, and is still deep in historical research; Addison Richards has dropped the pen, and taken up the pencil, and devotes his time to painting; Charles Nordhoff is the *Herald* correspondent at Washington, and a first-class writer and correspondent he is; T. B. Thorpe is deep in statesmanship; the "Prime's" edit the *Observer*; James De Mille still continues to write popular stories; Rev. A. A. Lipscomb, "who wrote most of the essays in Editor's Table," is now in charge of a Southern church; E. G. Squier died in a mad-house; N. G. Shepherd, Fitz James O'Brien, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Alice B. Haven, and John R. Thompson are all dead. William Allen Butler pursues the profession of the law; Edward House is a professor in a Japanese college; D. H. Strother (Porte Crayon) lives in Virginia; D. R. Castleton is a certain feminine *anonymous* who still writes charming stories.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

When the compiler of "Home Culture," in one of her earliest chapters, stated that her attention had first been called to the need that exists for a more general understanding of the social laws which govern the intercourse of the best society, by an article that was published in Lippincott's Magazine in March, 1873, entitled "Unsettled Points of Etiquette," it was then her intention to have followed up her book with a history of the vindictive criticism which the author of that paper encountered in the locality for which it had been written; and to prove, by this experience and others, the importance of establishing a new order of things in reference to literary criticism. This work has now been committed to abler hands than her own. Both here and in Europe, authors are demanding that the reviewers of their books shall sign their names to their reviews, and the attention of the public has been fully awakened to the fact that the anonymous reviewer stands on a par with the anonymous letter-writer; that both are cowards, and that the statements of the one are entitled to no more weight than the statements of the other. But, while leaving this history for another to write, the compiler has not forgotten the promise given in these columns, in reference to reproducing some of the criticisms which the essay in Lippincott's Magazine called forth. Among them all, there was but one that deserved to be called a criticism and to be treated as such; but as that writer did assume the semblance of dealing fairly with the essay, which not one of the others even attempted to do, that one is selected for republication. All the others did but invade the sanctity of private life, dragging a woman before the public who, never having written under her own name, was not known as an author beyond her own small circle of friends, for in no sense were any of these articles criticisms; they were but records of her alleged personal experiences, invented to suit the purpose of their writers, and interspersed with slurs upon herself, her family, and those who were dearest to her by ties of marriage connection. They placed her in the position of a woman who finds herself in the front seat of a circus, hedged in on either side so that there is no way of escape, and obliged to sit through a performance where some vulgar clown amuses himself (and those among his audience possessing natures like his own) by throwing offal in her face under the pretence of accident. To die at the stake is an easy death when compared to dying through the small slow tortures which such a clown and such a mob have the power to inflict upon a woman; and this was the fate held up by friends to terrify the compiler of "Sensible Etiquette," as an inevitable consequence to her of the work which she had been impelled to undertake in continuation of that commenced five years since by the writer of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette." There is nothing that will so effectually drive away all ignoble fear as the memory of wrongs done to those who are dear to us; for it is far easier to forgive (if not to forget) wrongs done to ourselves, than those which are committed against our dear ones; and the compiler has had such memories to inspire and sustain her in her work, as well as a knowledge of the abundant compensation which never fails to come to all who work for good ends.

The busy hand that would cleanse the garden of the Lord from weeds, must expect nothing but pain from the nettles and thorns that it has to weed out, says some writer; but wherever there is a garden to weed there must be growing in it valuable plants as well as worthless weeds, fragrant blossoms to please the senses of sight and smell, as well as stinging nettles and prickly thorns. The gardens of the Lord lie all around us in the world; in our homes, in society; in the homes of the poor and afflicted; everywhere. Mothers, teachers, preachers, writers, all find work to do in these gardens; all find weeds to pluck and flowers to foster; and all of them find, or ought to find, recompense and compensation for the stinging pain of the nettles and the thorns, in the odorous breath and exquisite coloring of the buds and blossoms which they tend, as well as in the fruit which is borne. Think for one moment what would be the result if every gardener were to sit down and fold his hands, saying: "I am afraid of these poisonous weeds, these prickly thorns and nettles. I do not wish to be brought in contact with them in any way; the flowers must look out for themselves. I have my own especial garden to attend to, and I find weeds enough there to pull up, without troubling myself about the weeds in other gardens." Then the teacher would cease to teach, the writer would cease to write, the preacher would cease to preach, and even the mother might say—"I have enough to keep the weeds down in my own heart; my children must attend to their hearts themselves." What a crop of thistles and thorns there would be to gather in when the harvest time came, to be sure. But where would the lovely blossoms, the exquisite flowers be? Could they ever develope into fruit, or bear seed that would perpetuate their own fragrance and beauty? Never; the briars would keep them down out of reach of the sun-light; the rank growth of the nettle roots would smother the embryo leaves in their earliest infancy, and in time there would be a wilderness of weeds to offend the eyes, instead of lovely gardens of flowers to gratify them.

The blossoms in the gardens of life bear a balm in their juices for the healing of all wounds, and wherever there is a garden where there are weeds to be rooted out, there grow the plants which yield this balm, and which are worth all the trouble and the pain of weeding out the sharp thorns and the stinging nettles that would impede their growth, if not altogether keep them down out of sight.

The compiler has more than once in her book on "Sensible Etiquette" alluded to "Pasteboard Politeness," the pretended criticism of which assumed the semblance of true criticism in reviewing "Unsettled Points of Etiquette." The latter essay was published in these columns on June 23d, and those subscribers who have kept their file, will be able to turn to it before reading "Pasteboard Politeness," which, with the answer to it that sweeps away all semblance of fairness, will be given in full in next week's number.

The following letter, written to a member of the family of the author attacked under the mask of pretended criticism, not only gives evidence of the feeling that existed among the men and women of worth in the community where this noted abuse of press privileges took place, but it (in company with many others received at the same time), testifies to the truth of the assertion that there are blossoms in the gardens of life which bear a balm for the healing of all wounds.

It was written by the president of one of our universities, and does credit to the nobleness of heart that characterizes him, as well as testifies to that fineness of a sympathetic nature in its scorn of meanness, and indignation at injustice, which Ruskin declares to be the unerring test of a gentleman.

[Copy of letter of President ——, of the University of ——, to a member of the family of the author of "Unsettled Points of Etiquette."]

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have hesitated to express to you the disgust and indignation which the recent cowardly assaults in the newspapers upon Mrs. —— have excited in Mrs. —— and myself. I have hesitated for the same reason that I should refrain from telling you of my undiminished confidence if some wretched scribbler should call you publicly a liar and a robber. An expression of sympathy under such circumstances might seem to imply that such a charge could make any impression, no matter how slight, upon my mind.

Mrs. —— and myself have known Mrs. —— for many years, and we have always found her in perfect sympathy with all that is true and lofty and noble. We have seen her profound devotion to all good works, and we have learned to honor and reverence her. We have seen her bring around her in social intercourse those who were united by the common bond of culture and refinement, and we have felt that the highest charm of her hospitality was due to the genuine kindness of her heart. More than all, we have been inmates of her home (at Newport), and the most grateful recollection of a visit in every way charming is that it gave us the opportunity of knowing better her warm and generous heart, which is never so happy as when contributing to the happiness and enjoyment of those around her.

No one can bear that those who are dear to him should be publicly assailed. And yet every one feels that some newspapers have become mere engines of personal malice, happily as impotent as their motive is transparent, and hence no sane person believes one word they say. The cruelty of the wound is in the vulgar and disgusting intrusion upon the privacy of the family concerned, and not in the possible impression which the statement may make on others. I have heard many persons express their opinion upon this disgraceful business, and I have not met with one who did not regard these attacks as impudent and abominable. * *

I beg that you will present the kindest regards of Mrs. —— and myself to Mrs. ——, and believe me always,

Very sincerely, yours, ——

The above letter is but one of many scores of letters that came pouring in upon the author of the etiquette paper and her family after the newspaper assaults. It gives some idea of the nature of the attacks, and should others be published in full in behalf of the war about to be waged against "anonymous criticism," no stronger evidence could be brought forward as to its baseness than they adduce. Copies of the newspaper criticisms (?) were sent far and wide by those who instigated the assaults and by those who enjoyed them, with the result that in some instances the persons receiving them wrote at once to the author, expressing both sympathy and indignation. In one of these letters, dated in Rome, April 16th, the following passage occurs:

"I have never known such personal abuse heaped upon any one as you have received, and from a leading journal in a large city. * * * There has been one result which cannot but gratify you, that of finding that you had so many friends."

Another letter, written by a Boston lady of distinguished family, contains the following passage:

March 11.—"I have never seen in any scandal paper issued by the American press anything so vulgar, so irrelevant, nor anything in itself so contemptible, as the article sent to me to show the nature of the persecution which your paper has called out. All you can do, my dear friend, is to show yourself superior to any recognition of such scurrilous language. Be content with your good purpose, and rise superior to the ignorant assaults made upon you. Every one who knows you at all must know that you are a woman to whom no such vulgar statements can apply. The malice of the article convicts the writer. My own opinion is that nowhere but in Philadelphia could such an article have been allowed a second publication, for no society that I have ever seen but would have risen in abhorrence of such a want of respect due to one whose character has been defined before the community as one who has never had to make any of those sacrifices to society nor for it, which are required of many."

Still another Boston lady wrote under date of April 8th—"Nothing can touch you in any way, whether for weal or woe, that we do not feel. Our indignation and disgust is aroused, as it must be with all upright persons who hear of the low, coarse, untrue and uncalled for vituperations hurled at you as criticism of your "Reasonable and Unreasonable Points of Etiquette." This is a hard and a new experience for you, dear ——. Such injustice tries the spirit and it is difficult to bear it patiently and silently, permitting the public to receive the invented incidents as facts. Take no notice of it; by and by you will look back with surprise that such persons had the power to annoy you even. Dr. —— begs me to say to you that you have his warmest sympathy and his tender affection. He looks upon the whole affair as I do,—as a sort of conspiracy."

It is not necessary to continue these quotations from letters for the purpose of showing the injustice and unreliability of anonymous criticism as evidenced in this instance of it. Suffice to say that the conjecture made of a conspiracy was not far out of the way of the truth; and that it was a conspiracy, on the part of those who united in it, is demonstrated by the following notices from reviews of the paper on "Etiquette," which appeared in the journals that were not employed in the conspiracy.

The Nation of March 6th, '75, drew the attention of its readers to the essay, saying: "We bespeak a perusal for the article on 'Etiquette,' and in another column comments as follows upon our want of fixed society usages, "The subject is a deep and a high one; but tourists who intend paying us a visit might be referred to an article which appeared in *Lippincott's*, in March, entitled 'Unsettled Points of Etiquette.'"

The Canadian Illustrated News said: "An amusing paper on etiquette offers some very sensible suggestions for the remedy of what have hitherto been looked upon as unavoidable social difficulties."

The N. Baptist, Phila., said: "'Unsettled Points of Etiquette' has a good deal of sound sense in it."

The New York Examiner and Chronicle said: "An interesting article on 'Unsettled Points of Etiquette' is given."

The Boston Daily Globe called it "particularly amusing and instructive."

The Brooklyn Union said the paper contained "a sensible solution for a number of social puzzles of frequent occurrence."

The Philadelphia North American called the essay "a short sensible paper on etiquette."

The Chicago Advance said: "Exquisite common sense crystallized into generally recognized rules constitutes that fine thing we call 'etiquette,' and which certainly does not rank among the least of the social forces. Accordingly the traditional 'polite reader' will very likely read, first of all the articles, the one on 'Unsettled Points of Etiquette.'"

The Home Journal pronounced the essay "one of the best that has been written on the subject of etiquette on this side of the water."

With these favorable notices those readers who feel any interest in the subject of the injustice of anonymous criticism will be able to judge concerning the justice of the review entitled "Pasteboard Politeness," to appear in the next number of the POST.

Wants to be Thought a Life Patron.

Editors Saturday Evening Post.

ROANOKE, Ind., April 1, 1878.

Inclosed find subscription. Please credit me with the same. I have been a subscriber to the POST for over twenty years, and want to be considered a life patron.

Truly Yours,
M. A. GARDNER.

"Can't Get Along Without It."

Editors Saturday Evening Post:

MARENGO, McHenry Co., Ill., Feb. 1, 1878.

I have taken the POST for 35 years and have been a constant reader—never having missed but one paper in that time, and it has become such a welcome member of my household that I don't hardly know how I could get along without it. Mr. Sears thinks I ought to get along without it, as we have had and are having so much sickness in our family, but I don't feel as though I could. Enclosed find my subscription for this year.

Yours with respect, MRS. M. J. SEARS.

PARIS AFTER THE "TERROR."

To none was the French Revolution more merciless than to its creators; it no more respected the fine ladies and gentlemen, the laddel abbes, the enthusiastic writers who had theorised so beautifully upon the rights and equality of man, than it did the conservative noblesse and priesthood who had opposed it with all their strength. At a single blow the mob destroyed that artificial civilization which had taken more than a century and a half to build up, and rags, dirt, "noble savages," and squalid vice revelled within those walls which had so lately been the home of the most refined society of Europe.

But what a marvellous change from the fashions which yet were but of yesterday! Surely those strange figures cannot be French men and women of the nineteenth century, those extraordinary looking rooms the apartments in which Madame la Marquise received the *philosophes* but a year or two ago? What have become of the red-heeled shoes, the vast hoops, the brocades and mountains of powdered hair, which no lady could be seen without? The *guillotine* has made a clean sweep of them all. The hoop has given place to the clinging robe of Greek statuary, which scarcely veils the form it drapes; a tunic of white cashmere, looped to one knee by a cameo, only half covers the neck and shoulders; beneath the bosom it is confined by a ceinture of gold or brass; the bare arms are clasped by antique bracelets; above the white tunic is worn another of scarlet; buskins enclose the legs, Roman sandals have taken the place of red-heeled shoes, and the naked toes are encircled by rings of gold and precious stones. The hair is gathered in a snood, and is of a different color to the complexion, in imitation of the ladies of ancient Rome. The men sometimes on public occasions also don the classic dress, and appear in tunic and toga; but the costume most affected by the young and ardent is strikingly contrasting in its grotesque hideousness with the graceful beauty of that of the other sex. It consists of a narrow-skirted coat with a high collar that reaches nearly to the top of the head; a huge cravat, half concealing jaws and chin; a short waistcoat, nankeen breeches with bunches of ribbons at the knees, silk stockings, or boots with buff tops, a bunch of seals and trinkets hanging from the breeches pocket to the knee; the hair plaited or gathered into a queue, and rings in the ears. The Spartan plainness of manner which Robespierre worked to bring into fashion has disappeared with the Convention. Mingled with these exquisites are a few dark figures of the old Jacobins, coarsely and uncleanly clad, by affectation; men who frown upon these fopperies, and wish the days of *la Terreur* back again that they might consign these sham aristocrats to the same fate as the real ones. Between these and the youth there is deadly hatred. The furniture of the rooms is as classical as the ladies; the satins and gildings and mirrors of former days have given place to Pompeian decorations; beds, couches, urns, lamps, bronzes—all are classic.

Literature is all but extinct; odes to Liberty and imitations of the Greek alone obtain favor; everybody has had enough of philosophy—at least in books. It is dancing which is now the all-absorbing rage, and instead of philosophers, dancing masters are now the ruling spirits of the salons. The moment they enter, as eager and admiring crowd gathers round to do them homage; then a ring is formed, and these cynosures proceed to execute a series of marvellous and intricate figures, which the bystanders applaud with the most fervid enthusiasm. After a time all the company join in the dance; the ladies take the Bacchantes for their model, now moving through the figures with a dreamy, voluptuous languor, now all fire and animation; with the light cashmere shawl that is thrown across their shoulders, and the graceful movements of their arms, they strike a series of picturesque tableaux, such as are now only seen in the opera ballet. With true French instinct they make a fashion even out of the guillotine. There are what are called the Balls of the Victims, to which no person is admitted who has not lost a relative by *la Terreur*, and whose distinguishing mark must be a band of crape worn round the arm. The moral system which the ladies and gentlemen of the days of Louis preached is now in practice. Marriage is a contract which can be dissolved immediately at the will of the parties concerned; women still young have already had three husbands; the Christian religion is banned by law, and instead of Sunday every tenth day is set apart as a holiday.

The most famous of the salons of that time were those of Mesdames Tallien, Josephine Beauharnais, and Recamier. The first was remarkable as being the immediate cause of Robespierre's destruction. She was Spanish by birth; she was living in Toulon while Tallien was there carrying out his terrible massacres; she fell in love with and gave herself up to him in the hope that her influence would soften his cruelty. She succeeded; but Robespierre, being informed that the slaughter was growing languid, and of the cause, had her arrested and condemned. Tallien swore to save her, and threw himself heart and soul into the conspiracy against him. The struggle was a close one, for it was only on the very day she was to be guillotined that Robespierre fell. Under the Directory Madame Tallien, with her friend Josephine Beauharnais, became a personage of great celebrity, and her salon led the mode of young Paris. It was in this society that the latter first made the acquaintance of Bonaparte.

The third, and most famous of the three women, named Recamier, was the daughter of a notary of Lyons; at fifteen (in 1793) she was married to M. Recamier, a rich banker, who had nursed her as a child and bought her her dolls; he was forty-two at the time of the union, but it was strictly a marriage of convenience—a ceremony, and nothing more.

The reunions of Josephine, like those of the Directory, were typical of the age. Here were gathered all the crude, inharmonious creations of the Revolution. *Parvenus*, who had grown rich upon the plunder of the aristocrats; fervid Republicans, who retained nothing of their creed save boorish manners, and who licked the tyrant's boots with fal. some adulation; and, far outnumbering and outweighing all the rest, soldiers, men who had risen, and deservedly, by their bravery, from the ranks of sans-culottism to be generals and marshals. Their manners strongly savored of the alley and the camp, and, fine fine fellows as they were, they were sadly out of place in the gilded drawing-rooms. Still more so were their partners, who had not had even the advantage of that disciplinary training which renders the soldier always superior to the class from which he has been drawn. These women, raised from the lowest types of Parisian life, decked out in gaudy costumes and magnificent jewels—the plunder of the battle-field—rendered themselves still greater monstrosities by their awkward attempts at fine manners. The classical costumes of the Directory had degenerated into huge, hideous turbans, surrounding foreheads covered with bull like curls, into narrow-skirted, short-waisted dresses, which still live in the old caricatures. Being totally destitute of education, dancing was their only amusement. Masquerades were much in fashion; and it was a species of entertainment Napoleon greatly favored, since it afforded such admirable scope for his spy system; he himself sometimes attended these assemblies on that mission. Ladies of *haut ton* frequented these balls, but not to dance; enveloped in dominoes, their faces concealed by masks, they came to coquette with their male friends, whose task it was through this disguise and a feigned voice to guess their identity.

A MAIDEN'S NO.

Down there upon the stair
The flowers lie;
I passed them by—
I said I did not care
For them. I wonder if I dare
Go back again, now Max is gone!
I saw him on the lawn—
He teased me so,
I could not help say No.

Softly the maid descended,
And eagerly,
Now none may see,
She gathered them, and then her way she wended
Her hands filled full of bloom,
Across the panelled gloom
Unto the very room
Where Max received his doom.

Well may the lover smile;
Within the open door,
Across the oaken floor,
He standeth all the while—
Forgives the maiden guile,
And, laughing, speaks her name.
Old flowers of snow and flame,
To you be all the blame
That down the stairs she came!

CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER III—[CONTINUED.]

"No—with you, Captain Hay. It is a case of 'diamond cut diamond,'" is the quick reply, with a little forced laugh. "You will not hurt."

"I wish I could be sure that I was as safe as you seem to think I am," he answers slowly. "Even Achilles had one vulnerable spot, and of course some one managed to find it out—so he died. Then again," he goes on thoughtfully, as she remains quiet, "there is the curious Scandinavian legend of Balder the Beautiful; Earth, Fire, and Water—all the inhabitants or produce of each had sworn to do no harm to Balder—only the mistletoe shrub, because it was so feeble, had been held exempt from the universal oath."

"Go on, Captain Hay, I am quite interested in your Beautiful Balder."

"You can guess the end. An enemy made a sharp-pointed arrow of a mistletoe bough; and, when all the gods at a great festival were amusing themselves by throwing lighted torches, swords, at him (from all of which he was protected by the universal oath,) he came and darted his fatal arrow at Balder's heart and killed him."

"And how do you apply this to yourself? You have no enemy, Captain Hay," says Clare, clearing the target for a fresh trial.

"A man has always one enemy when he is in love," replies Captain Hay hesitatingly, as he takes the bow from her hand and fixes an arrow in it.

"Indeed! How is that, and who is it?"

"The object of his love," he answers gravely, standing in front of her, and looking at her downcast face, with a whole world of meaning in his expressive eyes. "Does she not pretend to misunderstand him when he speaks? Does she not laugh at him when he is miserable for her sake, and rebuke him when he plucks up spirits, and strives to feel a little self-assurance for his own sake? Does she not torment him, provoke him, and torture him, until the poor fellow in despair feels that even death were preferable to this agony of suspense? Clare, my heart has been yours from the first, as you must know—indeed I think it must have been yours in some former state, it went out to you so naturally! Surely—surely you must have guessed how I loved you——"

"My dear fellow, don't do it," breaks in Captain Cain plaintively, who has come up behind them unperceived by either, and has heard the last few words. "Don't do it, I implore. To talk of love with the thermometer at seventy-three in the shade is simple madness. Now do be advised."

Clare, who has been trembling and flushing in her agitation as she listens to the passionate, eager words, turns away to hide her confusion, and Captain Hay bites his lips with vexation.

"I wish you would walk like a Christian, and not steal about like a ghost, Cain," he says angrily, tugging furiously at his fair moustaches.

"I am sorry if I have disturbed you," returns the new-comer innocently.

"You did not disturb us at all, Captain Cain," says Clare, smiling sweetly at him. "The fact is, we were talking of heathen mythology, and all that sort of thing, and, as Captain Hay said, we took you for a ghost."

"And now that you are satisfied that I am a real and not a ghostly visitant, may I join your game?"

"Yes, do," she says cordially. "But you must have great patience with me, for I am only a learner, and very stupid at it."

"I don't believe it," says Captain Cain gallantly.

"But it is true. Ah, there is Bertie talking to aunt Priscilla. I can feel at ease, for he is even a worse shot than I. Do go and fetch him, Captain Cain, and then you can speak to aunt at the same time. She will be offended if you neglect her."

With a scowl on his face, Captain Cain moves off reluctantly, and the two are left alone once more. Neither speaks for a second or two, and then Gordon Hay says hastily:

"Miss Colquhoun, I must speak to you. What time can I see you to-morrow—alone?"

Clare's face is very white and pained as she replies:

"I cannot see you, Captain Hay. I am hardly ever alone; and there is nothing you can have to say to me, an almost entire stranger."

"You are mistaken. I have something to say that may alter my whole life—and yours."

"Say nothing—ask nothing!" she cries wildly; and then she turns round quietly to speak to Bertie, who comes hurrying across the lawn to them.

"Clare, I have been dying to come all the afternoon," he cries breathlessly as he reaches them and shakes hands with her.

"And what prevented you?" she asks, smiling faintly.

"Oh, that fiend in the form of a British officer!" he says crossly, jerking his thumb expressively in the direction of Captain Cain, who has already finished speaking to Miss Priscilla and is coming towards them again. "Hanging's too good for such an arrant humbug. He left me enough work, he thought, to last the whole afternoon and to keep me from coming here; but I was too quick for him."

"Well, I must go, just as you have come, Bertie, so good-bye, Miss Colquhoun."

"Oh, don't go, Beauty!" pleads Bertie.

"Whom do you mean by 'Beauty?'" says Clare, looking puzzled.

"Oh, that is Hay's nickname!" explains the boy. "Every one calls him Beauty."

"Do they? Why?" asks Miss Colquhoun mischievously, having quite regained her lost self-possession.

"I am sure I do not know," sneers Captain Cain as he joins them.

"Well, I do," says Bertie Grand. "Hay is the best-looking fellow in the regiment, so we are proud of him, and show our pride accordingly."

"Thank you, Bertie, but have mercy on my modesty," interposes Captain Hay, looking affectionately at the boy's handsome flushed face. "If there is any dispute about my title, I will come to you for your convincing evidence. By Jove, I only wish there was some property to come to me with it!"

"So do I," cries Bertie heartily; and then Captain Hay says good-bye once more, and leaves.

For another hour the three that are left keep up the pretence of trifling with their bows and arrows. Captain Cain is an adept at the game, but Clare's heart is full of varying emotions, and she can scarcely hear rightly, or distinguish the two voices that are addressing her, for in her ears are still ringing the words of Gordon Hay, and it is with a sigh of relief that she says good bye to Captain Cain when at last he takes his departure.

"Bertie, how generous you are!" cries Clare excitedly when they are alone. "If I do not learn to love you, it will be my fault, and not yours."

"I am afraid that if you do not love me I shall not care much whose fault it is," says Bertie dismally.

"But I shall love you—I must love you in time," she persists eagerly.

"I am sure I hope you will, for I am getting more madly in love with you every day—nay, every hour, every moment; and since the other morning I am getting very hopeful—ridiculously hopeful, Clare."

Clare only smiles as the young fellow takes up one of her ribbons and strokes it tenderly; but Miss Grand, on the terrace above, is not so lenient.

"Clara, Clara, come in at once!" she cries sternly. "I won't have any such nonsense going on before my very eyes, even if you are engaged."

"We are not engaged auntie," remarks Clare slyly; "we are only goods entered on approbation, which, if not liked, can be returned."

"Well, then, all I can say is, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves," is the unrelenting response. "In my young days people had very different ideas about what was correct and proper."

CHAPTER IV.

It is nine o'clock that same evening, and the billiard-room at the Salford Barracks is brilliantly lighted up, though all the windows are thrown up as far as they will go, on account of the intense heat. The officers of the —th Hussars are lounging about lazily on the comfortable sofas and arm-chairs, or standing round the table to watch the game that is going on.

It is a trial of skill between Gordon Hay and Captain Cain, and up till now the chances have been pretty even, first one and then the other having been declared the probable winner; but now Captain Cain makes a lucky stroke, which alters the aspect of affairs.

"Ah, Hay, you have lost it now!" says Colonel Melladew, turning away. "Well, at least it has been a well-fought game."

"I bet you twenty pounds he wins still!" cries Bertie Grand impulsively.

"Nonsense, boy," growls the Colonel testily, "I don't bet."

"Keep your money in your pocket, Bertie; I shan't win to-night; I am not in playing form," says Captain Hay languidly.

But Bertie's belief in his friend is unbounded.

"I'll bet anybody fifty pounds that Beauty wins!" he cries out excitedly.

"I'll take you," says Captain Cain quietly.

"Don't be a fool, Bertie," puts in Captain Hay curtly; "don't bet at all."

"The bet was accepted," declares Captain Cain; "but, if Grand wishes to withdraw——"

"No, I do not wish to withdraw; I am quite willing—moreover, anxious—to abide by the bet I have made," says Bertie hotly, resenting the implied insult.

"Well, then, Bertie, if I possibly can win the game I will," says Gordon Hay decidedly. "Now, Cain, it is my turn;" and, taking up his cue, he walks coolly round the table and takes a calm survey of the balls and their relative positions—then, stooping down, he deliberately takes aim.

Captain Cain mutters a hasty exclamation under his breath, for the stroke is the best that has been made that night, and has placed him a little in the rear. But the game is not yet ended, and the betting grows fast and furious as they continue their exciting struggle, and there is a regular storm of applause when it is decided and Gordon Hay is the winner.

"Bravo, Beauty!" says Bertie delightedly, shaking his hand heartily.

"I am glad I won for your sake, little one," is the careless reply; "and now I am off for a quiet smoke and read. You shall have your revenge another night, Cain;" and Gordon Hay puts down his cue and lounges out.

Captain Cain has written out the cheque and now hands it to Bertie.

"I have something to say to you, Grand, if you can spare me a minute or two," he says quietly.

"Something to say to me?" cries Bertie blankly.

"Yes—now is as good a time as any other, if you will come for a stroll."

"All right," says Bertie, catching up his hat; and the two go out together.

"That's a thundering scoundrel, that Cain!" remarks Colonel Melladew as the doors swing to behind them. "I am glad Hay beat him."

"He is always up to some mischief. I wonder what he has in his head now," says a shrewd little fellow who had been watching the billiard-match. "He can't bear young Grand, and now he has gone out with him as though they were the best friends in the world."

"And he hated 'parting,' I know; fifty pounds is a lot to him," says another, leisurely sipping his whiskey and soda-water.

"The fact is," observes the Colonel decidedly, "he is an out-and-out rogue, and it would be a good day for the regiment if he left."

"He leave—not he!" says the first speaker contemptuously. "Why, it is his only hold on society, his last shred of respectability; if that were taken from him, I should like to know where he'd be."

"Well, I'll tell you what, he'll have to be precious cautious, for if I can turn him out I will. Such fellows are a disgrace to the army," declares Colonel Melladew abruptly, closing the conversation, and taking up an evening paper.

In the meantime Bertie and Captain Cain have walked some distance down the quiet little street before anything is said, and then it is the latter that opens the subject.

"I suppose you wonder what I have to say to you in private?" he commences.

"Yes, I do," says young Grand stiffly. The Captain bites his lips angrily.

"I am half afraid now that I am only making a fool of myself by interfering—people have a strange preference for going to the deuce in their own particular way."

Bertie swings his stick round impatiently.

"Upon my honor, I don't see the drift of your remark."

"No? Well, then, I will tell you. Every one of course can see that you are deeply in love with Miss Colquhoun——"

"I would prefer my cousin's name not being mentioned between us in any discussion, however private," says the lad haughtily.

"Ah, you boys are so touchy!" answers the other deprecatingly. "But, to tell the truth, it was about her principally that I was going to speak."

"Well, go on; but I don't know what you can have to say about her."

"Well, as I said before, every one can see that you are in love—why, only this morning Hay was laughing about it, and said you were a young fool to cry for the moon, and he also remarked that he could very soon cut you out if he took the trouble."

"And he could!" says Bertie stoutly.

"Ah, but it appears that he has taken the trouble! It was only this afternoon that I overheard him, in his usual style, making love to her. You know his usual style, I suppose? It is—well, it is rather warm."

"It is false!" cried Bertie Grand passionately, standing still in front of him. "Gordon Hay is my best friend and would not betray me."

"My dear fellow," says Captain Cain languidly as he knocks the ashes from his cigar, "if one's best friend does not betray one, who will?"

"Bother your cynicism!"

"Do you know what a cynic is, young Grand? It is one who has gained experience. I am a cynic, because I have gained experience—and it is out of that experience that I now warn you."

"Your experience must have been gained amongst rogues, not gentlemen," says Bertie, striding on again.

"It is simply this: I heard Captain Hay declare his intentions, and I heard him carrying them out. I am fool enough to be sorry for you, and more than foolish enough to tell you so and to warn you."

"You may have meant well," commenced Bertie dubiously.

"I did not behold the result—a fearful warning to all those who may wish to do the like. Well, good night, Grand; after all, as I said before, people do so love going to the deuce in their own way;" and Captain Cain flourishes his hat in ironical farewell as he disappears in the darkness.

Bertie's brain is in a whirl. At first he indignantly refuses in his own mind to believe a word that has been said, but gradually, as he walks slowly back, the demon doubt assails him, and he remembers Gordon Hay's reputation as an unscrupulous flirt, and several little scenes that he had thought nothing of before now assume gigantic proportions.

"I know what I'll do," he says to himself as he runs up the barrack-stairs; "I'll have it out with Beauty. I know he'll tell me the truth about it." And so full of this very sensible resolve, he knocks loudly at Captain Hay's door.

"Come in," says a lazy voice inside.

"Are you sure you're not busy?" asks Bertie, putting in his head.

"Quite sure, little one—come in and have a weed with me."

Gordon Hay is lying at full length on a sofa, with a book in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth, while on a chair beside him is a small bottle of hock; and he looks up smiling as he motions his friend to a comfortable seat opposite.

"There—sit down and have something to drink. You'll find all you want in that cupboard over your head," he says cordially. "My cigar-case is on the mantelpiece."

"I'd rather stand," says Bertie as he helps himself to a cigar.

"Tastes differ. But what's the matter? Won't that rascal Cain pay you?"

"Oh, yes, he has paid me! That's all right. He is a rascal, isn't he?" asks the boy wistfully.

"Rather," is the expressive reply.

"It was something he told me to-night."

"Then it's bound to be a lie if he said it. Go on—fire away!"

"Well, you know, Beauty, you are a great flirt," Bertie laughs.

"I admit the soft impeachment; but what has that to do with it?"

"Well, don't you see," he says hesitatingly, "you have made so many girls fall in love with you that one more or less would make no difference to you, would it?"

"No, of course not, if what you say be true."

"While, as for me, no one falls in love with me," says Bertie, looking down at his boots very dolefully.

Gordon Hay leans back and laughs heartily.

"Why you ungrateful vagabond," he calls out merrily, "you have quite forgotten Miss Macnamara, the antiquated Scotch maiden!"

"I am talking seriously," answers the other, nettled at being laughed at.

"I beg your pardon. Go on, Bertie."

"Well, you see I am very fond of some one now, and I believe she would like me in return—if—if—if you would only let her alone."

"My dear boy, what do you mean, and whom do you mean?" asks Captain Hay, raising himself on his elbow to peer into his companion's face.

"I mean my cousin Clare."

Captain Hay sinks back on his cushion, utterly dumfounded.

"You see, Gordon," goes on the boy earnestly, "I love her with my whole heart—I think I should die if I were to lose her."

"I never guessed that Bertie," said Captain Hay softly.

"No. I was sure of that."

"And so Cain has been making mischief about it. Confound the fellow, he certainly does deserve a very violent death!"

"And you are not in love with any one?" asks Bertie eagerly.

"How can I afford to be in love with any one? You forget my income is not like the one you are coming into so soon," he says bitterly.

Bertie looks relieved, but the next moment another cloud falls over his bright handsome face.

"But she may love you," he says dolefully.

For a minute a quick, passionate gleam flashes into Gordon Hay's dark gray eyes, but it dies away again almost immediately.

"It is not likely," he answers sadly.

"I don't know about that," remarks Bertie, shaking his head wisely.

"To-morrow I am going to apply for leave, so you will not have cause for even a fancied fear."

"Beauty, I am not driving you away?" exclaims the boy remorsefully.

"No, no, little one—set your mind at rest," answers Captain Hay as he rises from the sofa and throws away his cigarette. "I am going on my own account as well as on yours. I find Salford very dull after London, and I shall be glad to run over to Brighton or Cowes for a month to get some yachting or boating."

"And you are not vexed?"

"Not I. I should have been vexed if you had not spoken, for I would do anything, my boy, rather than come between you and your happiness;" and Captain Hay lays his hand affectionately on the lad's curly hair.

"Beauty, how good you are to me!" cries Bertie involuntarily.

"Good? I am not good except to myself," he answers, smiling; "and now say 'good-night,' and I wish you pleasant dreams of your pretty cousin."

And Bertie goes; but almost before Captain Hay has time to realize that he is alone the lad is back again.

"It is not as if you had cared for yourself, is it, Gordon?" he asks, as, in spite of himself he feels a twinge of compunction.

"No, of course not, you foolish boy!" is the laughing reply; and this time Bertie goes away quite satisfied.

CHAPTER V.

That day there is a dinner-party to be given at Ainslee Court, and all the afternoon Bertie Grand spends with Clare alone, while Priscilla is busy, on hospitable thoughts intent. They sit under the trees on the lawn, and Bertie reads snatches of poetry aloud, every now and then dropping the book to gaze in his cousin's dreamy, beautiful eyes that are fixed far away on vacancy, while her hands are clasped tightly together in her lap, and her work has fallen on the grass unheeded.

"How lovely, Clare!" says the boy vaguely.

"What is lovely?" Bertie.

"I don't know," he answers, looking about him wonderingly, "everything, I think."

"What a dreamer you are!"

"Thank Heaven for such a dream as this!" says Bertie.

Clare shivers a little.

"What is a dream after all? One has to wake up from it at last, and it only makes realities harder to bear."

"Ah, but no one can take the memory of it away. Clare, whatever happens, remember this—that with you I have spent the happiest hours of my life, and my love for you has kept firm my faith in Heaven and man."

"Bertie, how seriously you speak! Is anything the matter with you?" asks Clare, surprised at hearing such words from light-hearted Bertie.

"Nothing—unless joy has made me giddy and frightened. It is only when one is intensely happy that one knows the real meaning of fear. I am like a man walking in the midst of thieves with his pockets full of gold. I seem to have so much to lose now."

Clare's eyes fills with tears as she listens to him.

"Dear Bertie!" she whispers softly.

The lad's face flushes and brightens at the words.

"Say it again, Clare," he says eagerly; "it rests and soothes me so when you speak like that."

"You are not well, dear," she says anxiously; "come in out of the sun."

"No, I will not stir an inch till I am obliged to," he answers, smiling—"I mean to keep this dream as long as I possibly can."

And then he takes up his book again and reads on until Miss Grand appears at the open window.

"Go and cut me some flowers for the table, there's good children," she says, with surprising graciousness; and they get up to do her bidding, wondering what has caused this unusual amiability.

"After this, the deluge!" laughs Bertie.

But Miss Grand has method in her madness; although outwardly so cold and repellent, she has a very tender spot in her heart for her careless nephew, and she has a warmer affection even for her niece than she would be willing to confess. It has been the one dream of her life to see these two married, and now, when she finds her plans so near fruition, her delight is unbounded.

"Bless the children," she says to herself, "they shall have every penny of mine when I am gone, and half of it while I live!"

Bertie goes with Clare to gather the necessary flowers, and stands watching her as she moves from one plant to another, choosing which to cut and which to leave to blossom a little longer. The young fellow watches her wistfully, with such a sad, yearning expression in his usually bright eyes, that, involuntarily, Clare's manner becomes softer and more caressing with him as she notes it. She comes towards him and fastens a brilliant scarlet geranium with a piece of maidenhair fern in his coat, and then steps backward to see the effect.

"You look such a swell, Bertie!" she cries gaily.

"Do I?" he answers, smiling. "I feel very proud;" and then he has to rush back to the barracks to dress for dinner, returning about an hour later with Colonel Melladew, Captain Cain, and Captain Gordon Hay.

"It is the last time the poor moth is to flutter round the candle," says the last, in a whisper, to Bertie, smiling ruefully as he jumps down from the dog-cart that has brought them; but the young fellow has quite got over his fears now.

"What a melodramatic goose I was last night!" he answers, looking rather ashamed of himself. "It was awfully good of you not to laugh at me, Beauty."

Captain Cain takes Clare down to dinner, and is very devoted to her, while she, who never can resist flirting when occasion offers, smiles back at him and flushes charmingly at his cleverly-worded compliments, little heeding that she is thereby making three of her faithful admirers very unhappy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The reason given for a girl's not being able to throw anything with the accuracy of a boy, is that her collar bone is several inches longer and several degrees lower down, and being long and crooked, interferes with the free action of the shoulders.

Waltzing having been pronounced injurious to the health, by some of the doctors, it will not be long before all the young ladies will refuse to move a slipper in any other kind of dance.

FEMININITIES.

Speak low, ladies; and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

A woman's friendship is, as a rule, the legacy of love or the alms of indifference.

This is a world of second-hand goods. Every pretty girl has been some other fellow's sweetheart.

When two girls meet, they kiss. When two young men meet, they don't. That shows who wants kissing the worst.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband; and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

In church women think that they receive because they observe, and that they are meditating when they are only holding their tongues.

A woman rarely knows what it is to yearn after the infinite until she falls in love, and detects her sweetheart slipping peanuts into another girl's pocket.

Mrs. Hayes has but two spare bed-rooms in the White House, and when she has numerous lady visitors, as recently, they are compelled to "double up," three in a bed.

The relatives of a deceased lady of Glen's Falls, N. Y., quarreled over a gold necklace that had been buried with her, and the body was exhumed in order to obtain it.

In Russia a husband may appear as a witness in a lawsuit against his wife; but a wife is not heard against her husband, neither has she any redress against him if he deserts her.

Some atrocious cynic says that going to be married is very much like going to be hanged, and observes that there is only the difference of an aspirate between the altar and the halter.

It is often asked, "How can a woman make home more attractive to her husband?" There is no general answer, but in some cases the thing can be done by inviting the widow Smith round to spend the evening.

It is a belief among some sects of the Jews that a wife can oppose the admission into her husband's house of her mother-in-law or sister-in-law, if her fear is well-founded that the domestic peace would be thereby endangered.

"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve of your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

A dreamy writer says it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it becomes a lady's dress. No doubt. But most men would prefer to follow it after it became a dress, and while the lady was in it.

A bashful young man applied to his village paper for information on the important subject, "How to win a woman's love." The reply was, "Kiss the babies, caress the tomcat, and pay strict attention to the old lady."

When you see a young lady student from Vassar, with an absorbed look in her eyes and her lips rapidly moving, she may be memorizing a passage from Virgil, and, then again, she may be only chewing gum.

It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison-keepers, that while wives constantly visit and condole with their husbands, when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their trouble.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

SOCIETY is hollow, both head and heart.

TRUTH is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire.

KEEP clear of the man who does not value his own character.

HE who smiles at another's mistake forgets his own ignorance.

A MAN'S temper is most valuable to himself, and he should keep it.

A MAN who don't know anything will tell it the first chance he gets.

A FOOL may throw a stone in a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.

REPROACHES, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him who utters them.

INDOLENCE is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

WHEN you walk, pray once: when you go to sea, twice; when you go to be married, three times.

INDOLENCE is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

IF you are asked to do a right thing, answer by doing it. 'Tis a short answer, but it does not give offence.

To gain extensive usefulness, seize the present opportunity, great or small, and improve it to the utmost.

WHEN the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

BASHFULNESS is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effects of downright stupidity.

IF you can get into children a love of credit, and an apprehension of shame and disgrace, you have put into them the true principle, which will constantly work and incline them to the right.

IF you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

THEY who do not rightly know themselves may feed and feast upon false approbation; not I, who see myself, and know very well what is my due. I am content to be less commended, provided I am better known.

WANT of goods is easily repaired; poverty of soul is irreparable. Socrates, seeing a great quantity of riches, jewels and furniture, of great value, carried in pomp through the city; "How many things," said he, "I do not desire?"

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule, may be old in body, but he can never be so in mind.

TIME is precious, life short, and consequently one must not lose a single minute. A man of sense knows how to make the most of time, and puts out his whole sum, either to interest or to pleasure; he is never idle, but constantly employed either in amusement or in study. Idleness is the mother of all vices. At least it is certain that laziness is the inheritance of fools, and nothing is so despicable as a sluggard.

FACETIÆ.

—"A tight fit"—A spasm of *delirium tremens*.

—"A bill of fare"—Passenger rates of a railway.

—"Opening the season"—Breaking a pepper-box.

—"Passing an act of Secession"—Granting a divorce.

—People often speak of "expressing an opinion." Why not send it by mail?

—Among the more common articles of utility the umbrella is the only estray or foundling.

—Considered solely in a certain sense, fleas are probably the first dog "catchers" ever established.

—A locomotive ran into a vehicle the other day, out West, and while the engine whistle screamed, the wagon-wheel spoke.

—New York and Philadelphia have much in common with each other, but few except the tramps know how many "ties" connect them.

—Mothers should remember that a good way to "shorten" pies, is to visit a neighbor's and leave the pantry at home open to the children.

—There is nothing that can heighten the delicate, poetic, romantic interest surrounding a young man with a boil on his elbow, visiting his girl, unless it is the fact that the maiden has one on her neck at the same time.

—In disputes, getting in the first blow is a great deal. This hint, in view of impending trouble between Russia and England, should not be lost on Prince Arthur who is married to the Czar's daughter, Marie.

—To be heroic, one must be consistent. If Achilles had been seen of a Sunday morning gliding into a Grecian gin-mill through the back gate, he would hardly throw that brilliancy on Homer's pages, which is the case at present.

—Sunday was made for rest, and what is there more calculated to in still that rest which comes from joy and happiness, into a woman's soul, than to go to Church and find herself the envied possessor of the only new Spring hat in the edifice.

—An exchange says: "No living thing can go so slow as a boy going on an errand." This is true if we except the youth who has been "bagging it" from school and knows that his daddy is waiting for him at home in order to interview him on the subject.

—It is remarkable that Iowa has never yet produced an original poet. Murder in that State is no hanging matter, and consequently editors are not so lenient towards the crop of fledgling Shakspeares and Byrons, as the same fraternity in the less favored States of the Union.

—The synthetic mode of reasoning is often the best. Thus, if we notice a lot of broken remains of a delf pitcher in the ash-barrel, and the man of the house with his head encircled in swaths of linen, the inference is fair that he has had a fight with his wife, and got the worst of it.

—In olden time the test of courage was to challenge conceded champions to mortal combat, but in certain long-suffering communities in this city, at the present day, it implies a higher degree of moral bravery for a man to acknowledge himself a member of a new brass band.

—There is something strangely and simply beautiful in observing a fair, blue-eyed girl with a marble-white brow and golden ringlets, turn from the ethereal occupation of writing a poem on "Spring," to listen to her mother's advice about being certain to take that lime-water physic before she goes to bed.

—It is said the nocturnal air is unwholesome, but we do not hesitate to assert that there are millions of young couples who will claim they never felt such health in the atmosphere, as when wandering forth together during those spring and summer nights that have just moonlight enough in them to make the darkness visible.

—There is a deep meaning concealed in the natural selection of the ejaculation, "Oh!" or "O!" as an expression of misery, for if there is anything in this world that beats St. Lawrence and his gridiron it is to owe somebody that "worked for" and belongs to the same political party as the sheriff.

—The average Bostonian, in his more thoughtless moments, sometimes wonders if this everlasting "Eastern Question" does not refer to the comparative value of beans or cod-fish for brain-food. It is a well-known geographical fact that if the sun did not occupy that cardinal point in the horizon known as East, "The Hub" would.

—In the work of the great Cuvier on Natural History, the size of the mule is much less than it really is. This error is supposed to have originated in the writer's belief that his health and the interests of science might be better subserved by inspecting the beast from a distant hill-top and through a telescope.

—Some minds are not constituted for analyzing petty questions of detail. Their mental organization is of a broader, more comprehensive character, and strides along, as it were, by gigantic steps. Thus, we often see men of this kind who have sat down on a sharp point inadvertently, rise, and proceed to the utter verbal condemnation of the object, without ever stopping to ascertain whether it is a needle or a carpet-tack.

—The immense size of the St. Louis girl's foot is a topic of constant speculation and remark by the paragraphers of the country. The matter was first started by an involuntary exile from that beautiful city. He learned the dimensions of her pedality by personal experience, inasmuch as failing to recognize the law of etiquette prevailing there—never to spit on the stove when you've got your hat handy—she struck him with all her "sole," and terrible results.

—Many of the men who have made great discoveries in the world of science, while pursuing their investigations were sometimes not only misunderstood, but maltreated by the people. Their experiments were rather looked upon with regard to present appearances than after results. These facts caution us, therefore, to leave a margin for speculation and inquiry when we constantly find a lot of the cook's hair in the hash, as to whether its presence may not indicate that lady's efforts to find some new and astonishing relation between the human element and beef.

WEAK LUNGS AND SENSITIVE THROATS are severely tried by sudden changes of temperature, and those possessing them should prudently treat the very first symptoms of a Cold. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is well adapted to their needs, as a certain remedy for Coughs, besides being especially useful for its healing and strengthening effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A lovely smile, which smiled to sadness,
Once hailed upon the passing breeze
A new-born sigh, which sighed in gladness,
To give a restless mortal ease.

The smile and sigh soon formed a union—
A union everlasting, blest—
Whereby in brotherly communion
Each worked to give the other rest.

Thus, mutually their toils relieving,
They lived in peaceful light and shade;
No petty jealousies conceiving,
Of nought, not even death, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,
Fate caused them for a time to part,
Each of the other kept a token,
To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the sigh to Heaven was carried
On angels' golden wings one day,
While, sighing, the smile on earth still tarried
And lent its charm to lifeless clay.

Till then, this world was often dreary,
But since then (so the legend saith)
Death's sigh gives life unto the weary,
Life's smile itself illumines death.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII—[CONTINUED.]

"Tell her then, Raoul," went on the Earl, his tone and manner changing suddenly, "that I was blind to her beauty, her goodness, her truth, but that I see all now; tell her, if she will but forgive me, I will make the devotion of my whole life atone for my past neglect."

Sir Raoul promised. Lady Caraven did not refuse to see him. He was shocked and startled at the terrible change a few days wrought in her. He looked at the pale face.

"How you have suffered, Hildred!" he said.

"Yes, I came to the end of my patience at last. I can bear it no longer Raoul; it was a life of torture after all, and I will never return to it. I could not be brave any longer."

"Poor child!" said the grave, pitying voice. "Some words are running in my mind, Hildred, about those who, having put their hand to the plow, turn back again. May I ask, are you one of those, Hildred? Are you tired of heroism?"

"There was no heroism in my life," she said.

"Nay, pardon me; there was the grandest heroism possible. Do you know what my idea of heroism really is?"

She looked up at him with greater interest than she had yet displayed.

"Tell me, Raoul."

"This is the grandest heroism," he said, "the heroism that makes saints and martyrs—bearing the burden of our lives patiently and cheerfully, never failing in strength and in endurance. I thought that you would heroically and cheerfully bear the crosses and trials of your life. So you did, for a time; now you have laid down your cross, saying that it is too heavy for you to bear. Ah, Hildred, believe me, good was never yet won by cowardice! Take it up again, this burden you have laid down. In the day of adversity fail not—be a heroine until the end!"

His words cheered and encouraged her, as they always did.

"What would you have me do?" she asked.

"I would have you lay aside your coldness, your pride, your reserve," he told her. "Do not become a revengeful woman. Your husband has, it is true, outraged and insulted you; but it was a mistake, and he deplores it bitterly. Be generous; leave revenge to small souls and narrow minds; rise above it, and forgive him."

"You do not know, Raoul," she said, "that my heart is sore with my trouble."

"I know," he replied, "it is hard to bear; but you must forgive. You must again take up the duties of your life, resume your occupations, devote yourself to the welfare of your husband, forgive generously and entirely all that has happened, live for the good work you have begun. Once before I asked you if you were strong enough to take up the burden of your life and carry it bravely. I ask you the same question now."

She was quite silent for a few minutes, and then, as the mist rolls from the hill-tops before the light of the sun, all shadow passed from her face, and she answered him.

"I will. I will do all you advise, Raoul. I will forgive my husband. You say that he loves me now. I shall put his love to the test. If it fails, well and good—I will do my duty without the sunshine of love to cheer me; if it stands the test, I will try to crown his life with my love."

He looked long and lovingly at her.

"You are a brave, Hildred—you are a good woman," he said admiringly. "I wish there were more like you. I will tell Ulric that you are willing to see him now."

"If you please," she responded; "but, Raoul, do not repeat what I have said. I want to test his love myself."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Lady Caraven decided to follow the advice of her friend Sir Raoul, and forgive her husband. She received him in the pretty little boudoir in which the few months of her girlish life at home had been spent. It was a pretty room, octagon shaped, with a large bay-window that looked across the lawn to the river—a room that seemed fitted for a young girl's habitation, with hangings of pink silk and white lace, a profusion of flowers, and a few pretty water-color drawings.

She was standing by the window when he entered. His step was so light and quiet that she did not see him at first; and he looked at her for half a minute in silent admiration. The tall slender figure was draped in a plain black silk dress; the dark hair was carelessly arranged after a picturesque fashion; the lovely face had a faint hue of returning health and hope. Her hands were tightly clasped, and the expression on her face was one of deep thought.

"Hildred!" he called, and at the sound of his voice a crimson flush seemed to burn her neck and face. She was quite silent for a minute, and then she turned to him and held out her hand.

"Can you—do you really forgive me?" he asked. "I hardly dare to hope that it is true."

"It is quite true," she replied; and he detected a slight tremor in her voice. "Let me ask a question in my turn. Is it true that you love me?"

"Yes," he answered. "It is as true as that heaven is above me."

"Will you tell me how long you have loved me?" she asked quietly.

"I will answer you quite truthfully, Hildred," replied the Earl. "I cannot tell you. When I first married you—I speak freely—I did not like you; to me you were simply an incumbrance that I was compelled to put up with. I saw nothing in you—neither beauty nor mind; yet we had to live together; and in some kind of way I was grateful to you. For many long months after our marriage I looked upon you simply as an unformed schoolgirl. The first thing I awoke to was a knowledge of your beauty; I heard everyone praising it, and I began to perceive that instead of an unformed schoolgirl I had one of the most beautiful women in England for my wife. The next thing that struck me was the way in which you spoke to me; I began to admire your pride and spirit, your noble ideas, your grand notions of duty. The day I saw you dismiss John Blantyre was the day, I believe, on which I first began to love you. Then I admired the way in which you roused me, the way in which you broke up without mercy all my dreamy luxurious life. I loved you for the brave manner in which you took your stand by duty. But when I began to love you with a lover's love I cannot tell. On the night of the ball, when I saw what you had inscribed on your tablets—'My husband'—my heart beat faster than it had ever done before, and I felt the greatest inclination to take you in my arms and kiss your face a thousand times; but I could not. After that my love grew. I watched you—you were beautiful and graceful, my love; I listened to you—your words were replete with wit and wisdom; I saw how your whole time was given to useful and noble occupations. But when I began to love you with a lover's love I cannot tell, Hildred. I should like to say one thing to you," he continued hurriedly—"they are humiliating words for me, but true ones. Whatever there is of good in me I owe it, my wife, to you. I was sunk in pleasure, in self-indulgence. I had but one idea of life, and that was to get as much from it as possible. I owe to you that I never even thought of duty, I hated the word. My thoughts and interests were centred in myself. Men died; I cared not, so that I lived. Men starved; I had plenty. Those who depended on me were ground down, oppressed and burdened. I cared not, so that the means were forthcoming to gratify my desires. My wife, it was you who aroused the nobler soul within me, who taught me to live for others and not for myself, who taught me that there is a pleasure in virtue. After Heaven, I owe all that is good in my life to you, and I thank you for it."

She bowed her head in sweetest courtesy. She could not speak to him. His words had filled her heart with the very fulness of joy.

"I am sure," he continued, "that, when a strong chain of circumstances led me to believe you were guilty of a great crime, the strongest feeling in my heart was disappointment that you were not the angel I had taken you to be. Then, when you had gone, and I was left alone, left without you, I knew that I loved you. I found my life a blank; my thoughts were always with you; my heart had gone with you. Then I knew that I loved you with a lover's love, and that I should never be happy until I had won you."

A glad light came into her dark eyes, but she made no reply. He continued:

"Hildred, as earnestly as a man can speak, I ask you to forgive me. Forgive the base selfishness that married you for money without love, and without any knowledge of your real worth. Forgive the insolent neglect, the cruelty, the coldness, the pain I have caused you. Forgive the last and greatest blunder of all—my unjust suspicion. I do not deserve your pardon, but I ask it."

"I forgive you," she replied. "We will bury the past; we will talk of it no more. But, Lord Caraven, I am going to put your love to the test."

He interrupted her.

"Hildred," he said, "do not call me 'Lord Caraven'—try to say 'Ulric.'"

She looked at him with sweet, shy eyes.

"Ulric," she said, "I am going to put your love to the test."

"I may say with safety that it will bear it," he replied.

"Our marriage was a mistake," she said softly—"perhaps we were not altogether to blame for that. We have made great mistakes since, in which we have both been to blame. What I propose is a year's absence. A cousin of mine, Mrs. Glenvil, is very ill, and is ordered to Nice. I ask you to let me go with her. She will be away a year—see what that year will effect. If love of me has sufficient influence over you to keep you good, industrious, active, for the benefit of others, as you are now, I shall believe that you love me. If in a year's time you come to me and tell me that you love me better than ever, that time and absence have not changed you, I will return with you, and will make you a most loving, devoted wife. Do you accept my proposal?"

He stood for a few minutes in thoughtful silence, and then he said:

"Yes, I accept it—I shall be pleased to prove my sincerity to you."

"There need be nothing in it for people to gossip about," she continued shyly. "You have but to tell any one who inquires that I have gone to Nice with my cousin, and, when the twelvemonth has elapsed, that you are going to fetch me home."

"I am willing, Hildred," he said, "and shall count the days and the hours, my wife, until we meet. I never knew how sweet the word 'wife' was, nor how much it meant, until now."

As it was agreed, the only persons to whom they told the result of that interview, were Sir Raoul and Arley Ransome, who both cordially approved of the plan, foreseeing that it would end well. Every one believed that Lady Caraven had been so suddenly summoned because of the illness of Mrs. Glenvil; and, when a short paragraph in the fashionable papers told that the young Countess was going to Nice for a short time with her cousin, no one had a word to say about the arrangement.

The Earl returned to Ravensmere, to show all needful politeness and respect for Lady Hamilton. It was a great relief to him when the doctor pronounced her well enough to return home, and he was a little surprised when he found that she regretted leaving Sir Raoul more than any one else. The noble, honest soldier had made a great impression on the fashionable, beautiful coquette. "He is a man worth loving," she said to herself.

Then the Earl returned to London to see his wife and Mrs. Glenvil off. He went with them to Dover—they had decided upon going to Paris first. He stood for a few minutes on the deck of the steamer before it sailed; he looked with longing, wistful eyes at the face of his young wife.

"Hildred, how I wish that I were going with you," he said.

"So do I," she replied with a frank, charming smile. "But that would not do—you must stand the test. You will come to fetch me, and the year will not seem so long."

He sighed as he looked at her.

"I have a kind of fear that I shall be like the naughty boy in the story-book," he said—"I shall meet with my just punishment Hildred, if anything should happen to me before the year is out?"

"I promise you to return at once if you are ill or in trouble," she replied earnestly.

"My darling, give me one kiss!" he cried suddenly.

But the Countess drew down her veil.

"No," she said, "that would make the parting even harder. Good-bye. Heaven bless you, Ulric!"

"Good-bye, my wife!" he said; and his eyes filled with tears as he watched the steamer cutting her way through the blue waves.

CHAPTER XLV., AND LAST.

No man ever set to work with greater zeal than did the handsome Earl. He did not delay one hour in London; he went back at once to Ravensmere, only eager to begin work. There was to be no more idleness, no more dissipation, no more self-indulgence. He had made up his mind that all the plans his wife had contemplated and begun for the benefit of the estate, should be carried out before she returned home. The model cottages should be built, and men with their families residing in them; the schools should not only be erected, but open; the almshouses should be finished, and the old women occupying them. She should find her *protege*, Mary Woodruff, installed as portress in one of the lodges; every wish his wife had ever expressed should be carried out, every desire fulfilled; houses should be repaired, farms put in good order—he would neglect not a single thing that she had ever proposed or thought of. No matter what it cost, all should be done. He took Sir Raoul into his confidence, and they found that by employing extra hands, the work could be done in that time.

Lord Caraven did not lose an hour. No one looking at him could have believed that he had ever been indolent. There were days when he rose with the dawn of the sun, and worked without ceasing until it set—days when he found no time for anything but riding and encouraging the different sets of men to work. Every one knew at last what his object was—that he wanted all finished before his wife came home.

When that was known, the workers grew even more anxious to please him, for there was not one on his estate, man, woman or child, who was not anxious to please the young Countess, and who did not love her.

"She will be happy at last," said Sir Raoul to himself as he saw that love for her was gradually, but surely, influencing the whole of the young Earl's life.

Lord Caraven, in the midst of his labors and toils, did not forget to correspond continually with his wife. He wrote to her every week, never telling her what he was doing, but dwelling continually on his passionate love for her, on his intense desire to see her again.

"These are our love-letters, Hildred," he wrote once. "This is our courtship. The day on which we meet will be our real wedding-day." And she smiled to herself as she read. He was won at last, and no one but herself knew how happy she was to win him.

So the year passed away. It was thought advisable for Mrs. Glenvil to return before the English winter began, and the beginning of September was fixed upon as the time for her and the Countess' return. The Earl prayed his wife to allow him to go to Nice and escort them home, as was at first arranged. She answered "no," that her father would do that. She did not wish to meet him again until she met him at home. Her father would bring her to Court Raven station; he could meet her there and take her home.

"She is right," said Sir Raoul; "that seems to me more fitting. She is right, as she always is."

So the day came—a bright September day—when all the world seemed changed to the Earl of Caraven. The train was due at the Court Raven Station at three in the afternoon, and the Earl was to meet it.

Lord Caraven kept his word. The day was celebrated as a wedding-day. Great tents were erected in the park, and all the children and the tenantry were feasted therein to their hearts content. There was nothing but rejoicing and merriment and happiness.

The Earl stood by the carriage-door when the train stopped. There was not much time for greeting then. He clasped his wife's hands between his own, hesitated for a moment, and then kissed her.

"My wife—my darling—welcome home!" he said.

Then he helped her into the carriage and took his seat by her side. He saw her face grow pale with emotion as the ringing cheers of men, women, and children fell upon her ears, and as the carriage drove slowly along more than one rough voice cried, "Heaven bless your ladyship! Welcome home!"

They drove slowly, for the crowd was great. She had seemed especially to belong to the people, this dark-eyed, beautiful woman, who had worked so hard; and they were delighted to have her in their midst again. The Earl had not failed to tell them all, both rich and poor, what they owed to her; and rich and poor were there to welcome her. The crowd increased as they drove through the park, and when the carriage stopped at the great entrance it was wonderful to see the throngs of people. The Earl stood up to thank them for their kind and spontaneous greeting. Then he took his wife's hand in his, and a beautiful smile brightened her face as she looked round upon them—there was hardly one in the vast gathering who had not received some kindness, some favor or benefit from her hands.

"My friends," he said; "every man who loves his wife has a pet name for her. My wife is the good angel of my house." Then they passed indoors, followed by the good wishes of all who knew them.

There was a small and early dinner-party at the Castle; the members of it were the Earl, the Countess, Sir Raoul, Arley Ransome, and Mrs. Glenvil. After dinner Lord Caraven drew his wife's arm within his own.

"This is our real wedding-day, Hildred," he said, "so I am not going to apologise for taking you away from our guests."

They walked across the long drawing-room to the balcony where the last roses of summer were hanging and where the creepers formed a bower.

"It is not cold," he said. Will you come out here?" They went out together, and stood watching the sun set over the trees in the park.

"First of all, Hildred," said the Earl, "guess what news I have for you."

"I cannot guess," she replied.

"You would never imagine it," he said. "I told you in one of my letters how sorry Lady Hamilton was to leave Sir Raoul."

She looked up at him, her face full of interest.

"Yes; you did," she assented.

"It has ended in this way. He met her again in London, and again at Brighton, and they are to be married Christmas. She has given up flirting, and cares for nothing under the sun but her soldier-lover."

"I am glad of it," said Lady Caraven. "She is a beautiful woman, sweet, gentle, and gracious. Her only fault was coquetry. I think she is safe with Sir Raoul. He will not allow much of that."

"Still you will own that you are surprised, Hildred?"

But she did not answer him. She had placed her hand in his and was looking far away at the light of the setting sun, as one in a happy dream.

"I wanted to say something else to you, my darling," he continued, putting his arm round her and kissing her fondly, while she nestled to his side. "I want to thank you for all you have done for me, and to tell you that I think the greatest blessing Heaven can confer upon a man is the gift of a patient, unselfish, devoted wife—such as has been given to me."

[THE END]

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SILK.

A substitute, or what it is believed will ultimately prove to be an efficient substitute, for silk and other fabrics, has for several years been favorably known to the manufacturers of Yorkshire, Eng. This is the "dressed" fibre, to use the technical term, of the Rhea plant. Hitherto, however, grave difficulties have stood in the way of its introduction into the market on anything like an extensive scale, and until some inventor cares to take his chance of making a large fortune, by designing a machine that will enable the fibre to be prepared for manufacture at a price that will bring it into active competition with other textile fabrics, we cannot hope to win much benefit from this plant.

The Rhea plant, also known by its Indian-name Ramie, and popularly as Chinese grass, is a member of the Urticaceæ or nettle family. It is found throughout the greater part of tropical or Eastern Asia, and grows to a height of about four feet. There are two types of the plant, namely, U. nivea and U. tenacissima, but the latter is far and away the better adapted for industrial purposes. The useful portion is the fibre of the inner bark, which has to be bleached and separated into threads. For hundreds of years the Chinese have been accustomed to do this work by hand, skinning the stalk and scraping off the outer bark with a knife. But as one man can turn out only two pounds a day at the utmost, the process is, of course, wretchedly slow. The raw material thus produced consists of clear ribbons of a light yellow color. When these have been ungummed, bleached, dressed and combed smoothly, they form the strong and brilliant staple for the manufacture of such goods as Japanese silk, a fabric of which ladies speak in terms of the very highest praise.

Besides possessing great strength, the Ramie fibre is quite as elastic as cotton, and more so than hemp or flax. In fact, it is inferior in the respects named to silk alone. But we have yet to make allowance, before exhausting the list of its merits, for its beautiful lustre and intense whiteness, for the easy cultivation of the plant, and for its rapid reproduction. A plantation where the plant grows in regular, thick rows will yield three crops per annum, with as many as 500 pounds of fibre to the acre. A mowing-machine, with thick, short blades, gathers the plants, which are collected in sheaves and then left in stacks. After a few days the leaves wither and fall off, owing to the handling to which they are subjected while they are being carried to the dressing-machine. The plant should be cut from eight to fifteen days, according as the weather is dry or damp, before it is stripped of its bark.

ENGLISH LADIES TRAVELING.

A foreign correspondent writes: The last time I went over to Paris there was a well-known beautiful Duchess and her sister on the train—both peeresses in their own right. They are extremely beautiful women, of the Adelaide Neilson style, only more robust and healthy looking. They had the coupe of the train all to themselves, a small compartment holding three persons, right back of the engine and fitted with circular plate glass all around the front, so the view is unobstructed. This privilege costs something, I assure you. Every time they got out and walked on the platforms, a courier descended from another carriage and walked behind them. A bag like that used by ticket collectors was strapped around his waist, and hung in front of him, so that he could easily put his hand into it. The ladies made purchases of anything and everything that suited their fancy, never asking the price, and turned away without speaking of money; the courier then instantly advanced and settled the account from the bag, which was, as I saw while he made change, literally full of gold and silver. At lunch the ladies called for the most exquisite wines, the rarest fruits, great strawberries, almost as large as eggs, yellow melons, melting with ripeness; the courier stood at some distance behind them, and when they had finished they arose and walked out without a thought of paying. The bagman promptly liquidated. They no more turned their patrician eyes toward him than they did upon any other serving man about. When they arrived in Paris two men servants and a French maid were waiting for them, and an open carriage was drawn up at the door of the station, harnessed with four superb bays. They gave their keys to the maid, that she might attend to "les bagages" with the customs officers, and, entering the carriage, drove away, beautiful and haughty to the last. It was a perfect picture of the splendid indifference to cost which characterizes Englishwomen of great birth and boundless fortune. Yet the pith of my story lies here: That these proud and wealthy women, each possessor of more than a dower of a princess in diamonds and lace, to say nothing of country seats, yachts, town houses, works of art, horses, carriages, and all the other appanages of luxury, were dressed on this trip with a roughness, almost shabbiness, which would open the eyes of many an American woman, who thinks she is in good form when she flashes her diamond rings at a table at a railway buffet, or disturbs the quietude of a church service by the jingle of her bangles.

HYDROPHOBIA may be prevented by climbing a fence till the dog passes. A carpenter for a few dollars will make you a fence that can be carried around for any emergencies of this kind that may arise.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

The difference between death and a state of trance—or, as the Germans put it, *Tod* and *Scheintodt*—has never been quite clearly understood by the generality of mankind. Society, which sometimes does its best for the living, does not always do its best for the dead (or those who appear to be dead), and he would be a bold man who, without statistics, should assert that men, women and children are never, by any chance, buried alive in this country. Are the bodies of the poor always examined with care before burial? Are deaths properly verified in days of epidemic, that is to say in days of social panic?

I propose in this article to call attention to a few instances of premature burials on the continent of Europe; instances which involve stories of trance, or *Scheintodt*—a trance, the semblance of death, holding its sway over the human body for hours and days, and not merely for minutes, as in the case of ordinary fainting fits. In days when land is dear, and burial rights are less sacred than the rights of builders and contractors, coffins have been opened with the pick-axe, in the act of converting cemeteries into streets and gardens. Here a grave has been discovered whose inmate has turned in its shroud; here a corpse clutching its hair in a strained and unnatural position; dead men and dead women lying in their graves as dead men never lie in a Christian land at the moment of burial. The presumption is that these people have been legally murdered.

A few months ago a young and beautiful woman, on the eve of her marriage with the man she loved, was buried in the neighborhood of Lodi, in Piedmont, Italy, in accordance with the doctor's certificate. The doctor was of the opinion that the girl had died from excitement—over-joy, it is said, at the prospect of being married, but the legal name for the catastrophe was disease of the heart, and with this verdict her place in society was declared vacant. When the first shovelful of earth was thrown down on the coffin, strange noises were heard proceeding therefrom, "as of evil spirits disputing over the body of the dead." The grave-diggers took to flight and the mourners began praying; but the bridegroom, less superstitious than the others, insisted on the coffin being unnailed. This was done, but too late; the girl was found in an attitude of horror and pain impossible to describe; her eyes wide open, her teeth clenched, her hands clutching her hair. Life was extinct, but when laid in her shroud the day before, her eyes were closed, her hands folded on her breast as if in prayer.

The Medical Academy of Milan, in one of its weekly reports, published on Wednesday, March 23, 1848, quotes a case of trance which occurred to an ex-nun of the suppressed convent of St. Orsola, named Lucia Marini. The lady was taken ill, and, to all outward appearance, died; she was known to be subject to a peculiar kind of fit, which required peculiar treatment, and was staying at the time of the catastrophe in the house of a friend, who had been a nun. The *becchini* (grave-diggers, who in this case were the undertakers) insisted on burying the body before night; the surviving ex-nun remonstrated, urging that she must first try the effect of friction and mustard plasters applied to feet and stomach. Fearing to lose their fee, the men of death waxed wroth in their contention, and, seizing the body by the shoulders, were about to drag it out of its bed, when the "dead lady," moaning and uttering inarticulate sounds, turned restlessly on her pillow. The friend of Lucia Marini broke out into prayers, interrupted by tears; the men let go their hold and one of them (the elder of the two) crossed himself devoutly. The other, with a great oath, declared it was "spasms," the dead, in his opinion, being liable to convulsive movements if not properly straightened. But humanity prevailed over ignorance, and cupidity gave way to medical skill. The lady was thoroughly revived by a medical practitioner of the neighborhood, and lived for many a long day to tell the story of her escape from the tomb.

Another case in point is that of Cardinal Espinosa, some time president of Castille, Philip the Second, King of Spain, in a moment of irritation, one day addressed him as follows: "Cardinal, take heed! You are speaking to the President of Castille." The Cardinal understood that he was dismissed from office (the king being his own president) and fell to the ground as if stunned. The pulse showed no signs of life; the parted lips emitted no breath; the King's wrath had slain his minister. It was decided that the unfortunate cardinal should be cut open and embalmed. The surgeon arrived and commenced his operations, when, lo! in the midst of the cutting the patient awoke, and with screams of agony attempted to struggle with his operator! But it was too late. The wounds were mortal, and the cardinal expired before the comforts of religion could be administered to him.

In some instances the victims of trance have been known to rise out of their coffins. A case is recorded of a young lady in Leipzig who, being reported dead during a nervous attack, was placed in her coffin, in her parents' house, and there kept duly dressed for the grave, with the lid of the coffin still unnailed. While the family were at supper, she appeared in her winding-sheet at the parlor door; pale and frightened, but fair to see, as before her supposed death. Father and mother and sisters started up with cries of horror, and rushed out of the room by another door, believing her to be a ghost. It was only after a long interval, during which they entered and found her at table, eating and drinking, that they persuaded themselves that the girl still lived. They found her coffin empty; ergo, the ghost in the parlor was a living soul. The doctor, the priest and the undertaker saw the error of their ways, and the dead was cancelled which declared the lady a corpse. On the following year another deed was made out for the same lady, and the same priest officiated, but not the doctor or undertaker. The lady was married, and lived to be the mother of many children.

But let us go back a century or two in these inquiries. We come upon the story of the Abbe Prevot, author of "Manon Lescaut," and earlier still upon that of Petrarch.

Prevot was found in a forest, one fine summer's day, in a state of complete unconsciousness. The village doctor, who examined the body, declared that life was extinct, and commenced what he was pleased to term his post mortem examination. But at the first thrust of the knife the unlucky author awoke and with a piercing shriek gave up the ghost. Bruchier, the biographer of Prevot, deplores this event as a serious loss to literature. "Manon Lescaut," which Jules Sanin complacently calls the "Paul and Virginia" of vice, might, he opines, have had a successor, if not a rival, from the same pen.

Petrarch, when a middle-aged man, lay in Ferrara twenty hours in a state of trance, and was to be buried on the completion of the time laid down by law, that is to say in four hours, when a sudden change of temperature caused him to start up in his bed. He complained of the draught and reprimanded his attendants. They had allowed a current of cold air to fall on his couch! Perhaps, if the door had been kept shut, the poet, showing no signs of animation, would have been buried that day. Petrarch would have been defrauded of a large portion of his life, and the world would have lost, in consequence, some of its finest sonnets.

Mason, in his Medical Anecdotes, tells a story of a lady who, in 1577, was buried alive in Cologne. This lady was the wife of a consul, and was placed in the family vault in gay attire, with rings on her fingers and a golden chain around her neck, as on her wedding-day. Robbers repaired to her grave at dead of night to steal her jewelry, and were taking the rings from her fingers, which were damp and swollen, when the lady awoke, and sitting bolt upright, as if galvanised, stared and smiled at her visitors. One of the three men fell down in a fit, fearing the devil or his agency, and the others took to their heels as if pursued by fiends. The lady walked home and was received by her husband, first with fear, and then with transports of joy, and lived for many a long day in health and happiness. In the Church of the Holy Apostles at Cologne is a picture of the Consul's wife waking from the tomb, but the event is ascribed to a miracle, and death, and not a trance, is the subject of the picture.

But the resuscitated victims of apparent death do not always return safe and sound, hale in body and in mind, from the land of shadows. A carabineer in the Pope's service, named Luigi Vittori, was not long ago conveyed to the Roman hospital, and there, after a few days of acute suffering, registered as dead, his disease being "asthma." A doctor, glancing at the body, fancied he detected signs of life in it. A lighted taper was applied to the nose of the carabineer; a mirror was applied to his mouth; but all without success. The body was pinched and beaten, the taper was again applied, and so often and so obstinately that the nose was burnt, and the patient, quivering in all his frame, drew short spasmodic breaths—sure proofs, even to a non-professional witness, that the soldier was not altogether dead. The doctor applied other remedies, and in a short time the corpse was declared to be a living man. Luigi Vittori left the hospital to resume his duties as a carabineer, but his nose—a scarred and crimson beacon on his face—told till he died (which was soon afterward) the sad story of his cure in the very jaws of the grave.

Stories are told of men who, after sentence of death at the hands of the doctors, returned to life blighted in intellect. Some of these victims of medical incapacity were men of position in society; but others—the great majority—were poor and friendless. Hospital cases have principally to do with the poor, and in hospitals in warm countries patients who show signs of approaching dissolution are quickly disposed of. Camillo de Lellis, the founder of an order of hospital monks, or Brothers of Charity, speaks in his memoirs of the frequency of premature burials in Italy. "Ah, merciful God!" he exclaims piteously, "how many living men and women are annually taken to their graves in this Christian country! Camillo was of opinion that the victims might be numbered by many scores—nay, by hundreds—in the course of a single year.

One day, after visiting the beds of the sick in a certain hospital in Lombardy, of which the name has been left in blank, Camillo entered the morgue and found strewn upon the floor a great number of corpses, one of which was bleeding profusely from the head. A dead man cannot bleed in this way, thought Camillo, and had the body taken to another room and there examined. The man was alive, and but for an accident would have received burial. He had been thrown to the ground with some violence a short time previously, and then and there receiving the wound above alluded to, recovered consciousness. But he only survived his sentence of death three days; he died of the blow which had awakened him from his trance.

But there are double deaths, twofold burials, which are perhaps the most horrible of all. Society thinks it is burying one person, but the "deceased," being a woman, may from the point of view of maternity include two lives, or even more. Gaspare Rejes tells the story of a child born in the tomb whose mother was buried alive. The lady was the wife of a man of property named Francesco Orvallos, and "died" while far advanced in pregnancy, during her husband's absence. Orvallos, returning home the day after the funeral, had the tomb opened, not because he suspected foul play, but because he wished to gaze once more on the face of his beloved. The lady was in truth dead, but death had transpired in the grave. A child, struggling into existence, met the gaze of the bereaved husband, and was removed without difficulty by a medical assistant. The mother was once more consigned to the dust, but the child lived to be a man, and, carrying till his death the name of "Fruit of the Earth," occupied for several years the post of lieutenant-general on the frontiers of Chaves.

A poor woman at Castel del Giudice, in Italy, was taken ill with the premonitory symptoms of childbirth, and, having fainted away while the doctor was being sent for, was on his arrival declared dead. Her friends had doubts as to at least one death—that of her unborn babe—but the doctor was inexorable. He refused to operate upon the "corpse" to save the infant life, and the Syndic, approving of his conduct, ordered the body to be buried. The funeral took place exactly at the twenty-fourth hour—that is to say that the body, being a poor one, was thrown into the ground like a dog. Doglike, too, it had no rights, for a few days afterwards it was unearthed to make room for another corpse—that of a girl—which was to be thrown in over it. But the *becchini* (the grave-diggers) perceived while doing their work that the woman buried the week before "had moved in her grave." Her hands were up to her mouth, her eyes wide open and staring frightfully—she had been trying to bite the bands by which her wrists were fastened. But the bands of her legs were rent asunder, and there, in the dust beside her, was a dead child! The woman and the babe (a boy) whom law and medical incapacity had slain were taken out of the earth to be medically examined and legally provided for, and the new corpse (was it a corpse?) was thrown in in their stead. The doctor and the Syndic were arrested and condemned to three months imprisonment, and the mother and child were buried again with two medical certificates instead of one. The legal authorities—somewhat late in the day—wished to do everything in "proper form," and the child born in the grave procured for its mother a second burial.

The Romans had many experiences of official and medical blundering, and that is perhaps the reason why they were, at certain periods, so careful in their funeral rites. Pliny tells the story of the consul Acilius, who, being reputed dead, was placed on the pyre, and started up to shriek for assistance while the flames were gathering round him, but too late to be saved. Lucius was burnt alive, and Tuberus, waking from the trance of death while preparations were being made to burn him, was removed by his friends and others from the stake. The interval between death and funeral was fixed at eight days. It was seldom less, and it was sometimes more, for Lycurgus, in his anxiety to prevent accidents—i. e. medical and judicial murders—fixed the interval at eleven days. The modern inhabitants of Italy insist on burying their dead within forty-eight hours.

A schoolmaster in Mohlstadt, Germany, named Wenzel, was legally denounced as dead, and got ready for burial. He was to be buried on a certain fixed day, but his sister, who lived far off, had not arrived, and it was decided that the funeral should be postponed. The "deceased," in his winding-sheet, unable to move and apparently unable to breathe, heard with joy of this delay, and tried, but utterly in vain, to open his eyes, which were fast closed. His sister arrived, and finding him dead, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and, seizing his hand, reproached him passionately for thus dying without one word of farewell. She took his head between her hands, and, pressing it wildly, looked at him with a fixed and half-demented scrutiny. The eyelids of the "deceased" were seen to quiver, the eyes half opened—he was saved! He had succeeded in putting his latent self in communication with the outer world; and what he himself had begun the doctors completed. Here was a man who, but for his sister's delay, would have been buried alive! Bruhier's story is in fact the confession of Wenzel. It is the story of a patient describing his horror on finding himself a dead man; and, without much confusion of terms, it might fairly be called the "Confessions of a Corpse." Dr. Gandolfi asserts that many such cases have been recorded in various parts of Europe, and that in most instances the cases have been proved and authenticated. Gandolfi is an authority, and all persons of a quibbling or sceptical nature would do well to consider the matter thoroughly before condemning his evidence.

Shipwrecked Canaries.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Willie set the cage on the floor. Then all three gathered around it, eager and anxious to see how the little birds would behave upon being helped into a ship, all by themselves.

Speaking soothingly to the fluttering parents, who seemed to think things were going very wrong, Willie put his hands in the cage, and let it creep carefully up through the birds "dining room," up through the "sitting room," and on to the "bed-room," and there, from its cozy bed in the corner, he drew out such a queer looking, fuzzy little birdie, that all the children burst out into a merry laugh.

Its long neck lay over Willie's thumb, and its head hung down in a helpless way, while the thin, small legs, dangled below in quite a crazy fashion.

"It feels the queerest!" laughed Willie. "If I didn't know better, I'd think it was made of jelly; it's so shaky."

"Let me feel it," said Ella, stretching her hand out toward it, as Willie drew it from the cage.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as Willie dropped it into her hand, "how limpsey it is! Feel it Eddie."

Eddie put his soft little hand over it, and it was such a soft, and warm, and light little hand, that the little birdie must have thought its mother had come, and was brooding over it, for it seemed to be less shaky, and quite content during the moment that Eddie's hand—without his knowing it—played it was the mother bird's wing.

"Pitty birdie!" cooed Eddie.

"You can put them in the ships, as I bring them out, can't you, Ella?" asked Willie.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed she, instantly picking up a ship, and saying to the birdie, "Now you queer jelly-sides, lie down on your back, and let your feet stick out so; then your head can curl around in your lap, that's the way! Now I'm sure you feel comfortable, and like your nice berth ever so much."

As Willie handed the birdies to Ella, she gave each a pleasant little greeting, until four of these funny little passengers were curled up in their shell ships, ready for the voyage. Then, as Willie started his hand in, for the fifth, the alarm of Mr. and Mrs. Canary struck him as something which ought to be quieted down, so he drew back his hand, saying:

"There! birdies, don't make such a fuss! We'll leave this one at home, till the others return from their trip, if you like; for," very earnestly, "we are only borrowing them. Don't you know they are coming back?"

"You ought to pet that one up lots, so it can forget the disappointment it must feel in having to stay at home."

But Mr. and Mrs. Canary did not pay any attention to Willie's advice, in regard to the petting, for, by this time the parent birds were so wrung with anguish, that they paid little heed to the one child left them; but with their small hearts beating fast with fright, and sending out from their parted bills, little distressful cries, they kept their startled eyes fastened on their little ones, who were now being carefully sent over the sea.

The children were in ecstasy.

Once in a while Eddie's little fingers would go down into the water, to stir it up enough to keep the ships floating about.

They had just been wishing that they could be little birdies, too, and have such a nice ride themselves, when one of the ships tipped, and out rolled one little birdie into the water.

With terrified "Oh's!" they all sprang to rescue it, and Eddie, stretching himself up across the edge of the tub, and leaning over to reach the poor birdie, lost his balance, and fell in, hitting his head against the spigot, and upsetting the other ships, so that the four little baby birds, and the one little baby boy went down to the bottom of the tub ocean.

With a scream of terror, Willie and Ella dived their arms down after their little brother; brought him up, gasping and choking, and, with great exertion, were pulling him out of the tub, when the whole household rushed in to see what that terrible screaming meant.

No words were needed to explain, and no time taken for explanation, until poor, little, trembling, Eddie, who looked like a half-drowned kitten, was relieved of his dripping clothing.

When it was being pulled off, he kept sobbing out:

"Mamma! mamma! 'ou tant det em off; dey tick tighter than my tin!"

But mamma did "dit em" off, and found the skin all there, as pink and rosy as a sea shell.

And it grew pinker and rosier under the rubbing that was given it, until all the tear drops died in Eddie's eyes. Then he was dressed all over again, and looked—in his clean, white suit,—as sweet and fresh, as a freshly picked water lily.

But his poor little head, where it hit the spigot, was bruised and swollen, and at the touch of the arnica, that his mamma applied, he cried out:

"It tances! it tances! O, mamma! *don't* make my 'ead tance so!"

"Be a brave little darling," said she, "and the dancing will carry this ugly lump away."

When the excitement about Eddie, was over, the children's thoughts rushed back to the birdies, so Willie and Ella went into the bath-room, hoping that they might have come up from the bottom, and be swimming around like ducks, but their hopes were doomed to be drowned as the birdies were.

Some one had taken them out of the water, and there they lay the four, poor, little, shipwrecked birdies, stretched out on the wash-stadd, dead.

Willie's eyes looked as if a shower were coming, when he looked ruefully upon them; while Ella cried, between her sobs.

"And to think they never even got their eyes open! That they never saw their paps and mamma! Oh! dear, oh!" taking them up and holding them against her tear-wet cheeks.

Just then, her ear caught the sound of another doleful little voice. It was Eddie. Cuddled up in a corner, he choked out:

"'T'se been watching 'em—tought dey might det live adain, dust as me did. Wouldn't day, if we tould pull off dere fuzzies? me feelded more live when my toves tome off!"

At this moment, the mamma who had followed the children to the scene of the shipwreck, replied:

"No, dear, nothing can ever make the little birdies alive again, the dear little birdies that had shut up in their wee throats sweet little music boxes' that can never be wound up now.

"It makes my heart beat sharp with pain, when I think, Willie and Ella, that your little brother might now be as still and quiet as these birdies are, if the merciful hand of Providence had not held him within our reach when death could so easily have taken him away."

"O! mamma, don't say that," cried Willie, "we dove in quick and pulled him out, din'n't we, Ella?"

Ella made no answer, but with a shudder, and a little tender cry, she threw her arms around Eddie, and commenced sobbing as if her poor little heart would break.

"Don't twy, Ella," pleaded Eddie, in a trembling voice that was almost a cry in itself.

"No, don't cry," soothingly spoke her mamma also, "for you have shed enough tears now to drown all the naughtiness that has been running away with my usually thoughtful little girl. I want you to try and think how to be good, for the rest of the day. Will you all try?" asked she, in tones of loving anxiety.

"Yes, mamma!" responded Willie and Ella, in tearful concert, while Eddie's, "Es!" was followed by a quick eager, "Oh, mamma! tant we have a 'ittle birdie funral?"

All the faces suddenly brightened up, looking very like sunshine bursting through clouds, as their mamma answered.

"Well—yes; and I think that is all that is left for you to do, for these poor little birdies, whom your thoughtlessness has brought to so sad an end."

The children were soon eagerly talking about the funeral.

"What shall we have for coffins?" said Willie.

"Why!" said Ella, "let's take two ships to make them off. One for each poor little birdie to lie in, and another for the lid."

"How will they hold together?" asked Willie.

Taking a moment to think, Ella answered:

"We can tie them together with black braid. I know where there is some. I'll run and get it."

She was off almost before she had finished speaking, and soon returned with a piece of black skirt braid, and a long roll.

"I found this," she said, opening the roll, and showing a sheet of cotton batting. "when I was turning things over to find the braid. I thought it would be so nice to line the coffins with," looking up inquiringly to see what Willie thought.

"Yes, it will fix 'em up nice," answered he, in reply to the look. "I had been thinking myself, that they were too dainty to go in such rough beds, but we can't put but a little bit in each, for the birdies about fill them without anything more."

"It will do pulled out thin, this way," said Ella, jerking a piece of cotton off of the roll; and, stretching it out, thin and gauze-like, she began to line one of the shells with it.

"Now," said she, "let's see how the birdies will lie in it."

Picking one up she tried to make it lie straight; first on its back, then on its breast, and last on its side, but in each position the feet and legs would hang over the "foot," in a very improper manner.

"Oh, dear," said she, in a hopeless tone, "their necks are so long, an't their feet so straggly, that there's *no* way of putting them in decent!"

"Why!" exclaimed Willie, who had been busy lining the other coffins, and had not noticed Ella's vain attempts to make the little bird lie straight, "'tisn't natural for birds to lie down long and straight, so of course you can't make 'em do it. We'll have to let 'em sit up. If their necks are long, and make them look droopy. Let me show you."

Taking one of the little birds, he put its feet in first, and let the breast be a pillow for the head to lie against; then settling its lid firmly on top, he shut the little bird up tight, and saying: "There! don't you see how nice that is?" reached out his hand for the braid to tie it together, when Ella stopped him with:

"No! oh, no! we mustn't shut them up till the last thing!"

"All right! I'll fix the rest then, shall I?"

"Yes," answered Ella, "you can do it better than I can."

When the four little birds were tucked in their small caskets, Ella said:

"Now we must take our last look."

So the three children stood up by the wash stand, and gazed sorrowfully upon them, for a moment; then Ella said:

"Now the lid can go on."

As Willie put the lids over them, Ella tied the braid around each small casket, leaving a great, black bow on top.

"Why, that's splendid!" declared Willie.

"They are all caryed up fine, too," joyfully exclaimed Ella, "could anything be nicer?"

"I should think not," emphatically responded Willie. "Let's start for the garden now."

"No, no!" exclaimed Ella, "don't you know how to do it proper? I do, then," with a proud lifting of her head. "I'll be mourner, Eddie is to be pall-bearer, and you—grave-digger. We must have things all ready before we start. I'll get some black stuff now for my veil, and a box big enough to hold the coffins, so that Eddie won't drop them in carrying them down to the door, and——"

Here Willie interrupted her with:

"Wouldn't Eddie's wheel-barrow make a jolly hearse!"

"Yes," answered Ella, "it would so! While I'm getting the veil and things, suppose you bring it around to the door, and get your shovel?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed Willie; and they started off together to attend to their duties.

Eddie, left alone with the solemn looking caskets, was beginning to feel lonesome and queer, when Ella returned, wearing a white chip hat, to the front rim of which she had fastened a broad black bow, and spread its ends out over her forehead in what she called "gloomy grandeur." A flowing veil of black alpaca was flung back from her face, over the hat, and almost touching the floor. She had in her hands the box, and two pieces of black ribbon; one of which she tied on Eddie's arm, for a "mourning badge," and the other on Willie's, when he returned with the shovel, and a little bell to toll.

They next lifted up the caskets, one by one, and placed them in the box; then they filed out of the bath-room in this order.

Eddie foremost, carrying the box that contained the four little caskets, which, with the great black bow of each, told the mournful story. Then Ella, now with the veil over her face, started forward, but knocked her head against the door, as she couldn't see any more than if she were all shut up in as dark a cave as the thick black veil made for her head.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed in distress, "I can't see nothing."

"Tear a peep-hole in it," suggested Willie.

"No, that wouldn't do," disapproved she, "but this will do," in self-approving tones, as she took hold of the edge of the veil, on each side, and bending her head down in bird-like sorrow, she stretched her arms out at full length, and so let enough light in upon her to let her eyes see where her feet were going.

Finding that Ella was "all right," Willie followed after, with the shovel over his left shoulder, and tolling the little bell in his right hand.

In this way they passed in solemn silence through the sitting-room, and mamma, grandma, and Hattie, who were sitting there, felt a kind of sad amusement pass through them, as the little procession passed out.

It proceeded downstairs, and to the door, where the wheel-barrow hearse was in waiting. After putting the four little caskets in it, the procession wended its way through the garden until it came to a bed of pansies, when Willie exclaimed:

"Let's bury the birdies here, among the talking flowers."

This idea pleased them all; and Willie dug up a plain yellow pansy, then a yellow one with a drab spot on its upper petal, which he called its "head;" then one with the side petals—its "wings"—speckled yellow and drab, and one very dark pansy, which looked "beautiful enough to sing," he cried.

"These," explained Willie to Ella and Eddie, who were looking on in puzzled wonder, "are just the kinds of birds that our poor little shipwrecked ones would have made, if they could have lived long enough to feather, and as I think it will be nice to let their colors be kept bright on their grave always, I'm going to plant these pansies on them as representatives."

"That will be lovely," said the little girl mourner, with a sob and a sigh.

As soon as they found an open space among the pansies that was large enough to allow the little birds to lie side by side, the grave-digger began his work, and in a few minutes four little empty graves, all in a row, were staring the children in the face.

The grave-digger took one little bird at a time, and dropped it into its grave; then planted over each the pansy that "it would have looked like if it had feathered out;" and watering each grave with a sorrowful little tear, the children turned and left them, in their quiet home among the flowers.

"I'm awful glad," said Willie, "that I didn't take that last birdie from the nest."

"So am I," said Ella, "and we ought to do everthing we can to please the old birds now; hunt chick-weed for them, dress their cage up with cedar boughs and dandelions, feed them sweet apples, figs, and everything they like to eat."

"Yes," heartily responded Willie, "and we'll never borrow any little birdies again, will we?"

"Never," replied Ella, and "never" chimed in Eddie's small voice, and "never" it was, in truth, for the little bird that had been "left at home," grew up in the family, and a nestful of young birds was found in its cage one morning, which the children never thought of "borrowing," but instead, fed them, and cared for them so nicely that on this very day they are being repaid, by listening to the first songs of these pretty young birds.

[THE END.]

HISTORY OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

The clock, which at the present day is considered an almost indispensible article in nearly every household in the land, and the watch, which is generally required to complete the wardrobe of nearly every man and woman, compared to the history of the world, are but of recent origin or invention.

The "ancients" used to mark the progress of time by the moving of the heavenly bodies, and for a more brief space by the shadow of the sun cast on a sun dial noting the length of time. The dial is used to-day, and the sun at its true meridian is found through this system at the present time. The North American Indians fixed their time and age, or any event, by so many moons, and so many winters, and leaves falling from trees. Less time was so many suns or days in certain moons. By this way of computing time, an old Indian could tell how many days, months and years he had lived.

In the absence of the sun, the ancients used a contrivance called a clepsydra, a vessel containing water escaping slowly through a small orifice in equal quantities at equal times. A floating body in a vessel which received the water denoted the time by its rise to certain numbers on the side of the vessel. The Romans introduced this instrument in the days of Pompey from Greece seventy years before the Christian era. They employed it to denote the length of speeches in the Roman Senate.

The sand or hour glass was an ancient invention, and used in Egypt before the days of Christ. This cheap and convenient instrument has been handed down to the present day, and is still employed for some purposes which require the frequent measurement of short time as a half minute, running out the horologe, or three minutes to boil eggs.

In the early times of Archimedes, the great mathematician, 230 years before Christ, wheel work was made to move by springs and weights to impel equal motion at equal times. From this motive power first sprung the clock for keeping time, which was used in Europe as early as the eleventh century, and the invention of which was due to the Saracens.

A clock that would strike the hours was known as early as 1321. There was a clock at Dover Castle, England, in 1348. From the large public clocks sprung the small family clocks of all kinds and sizes. Clocks of different movements were constructed with quite as much ingenuity and intricacy 200 years ago as at the present time.

It is stated that watches were made in Nuremburg as early as 1477, yet there is no accurate authority for the statement. There was a watch in Sir Ashton Lever's museum bearing date 1541. Henry VIII., who died in 1547, owned a watch. The hair spring was applied to the watch to regulate the time by Dr. Hook in 1658. Glass at one time was used for hair springs, but it soon grew out of use for reason of its breaking so easily by a jar, but they were acknowledged to keep a watch in more accurate time.

The future of ardent lovers is to be a terrible one. The lady heretofore has been compelled to base her hopes of a successful breach of promise suit on letters received, but this plan has of late become futile, owing to the circumspection of the writers. Science, however, now steps in and makes matters worse. The phonograph is the source of the trouble. Conceal one in the wall back of the sofa, primed and ready to begin its nefarious work; let the loving youth, innocent of suspicion and overflowing with tenderness, enter; a dim, religious light from the turned-low burner serves to increase his fascination. He takes his place beside her and pours forth his endearing words and promises, while the relentless machine behind records faithfully every tone. Then the time comes when he would wish to seek other fields and pastures 'new, but he is confronted by the awful register, and with the terrors of the Court House over his head, he meekly submits, and is led like a lamb to the matrimonial altar.

REMEDY FOR OBESITY.—A marine plant commonly known as "bladder wrack," a kind of a sea-weed, has been found to be an effectual remedy in the treatment of morbid corpulence, without suffering or disturbance of the general health. A fluid extract of this article has been prepared, and can be obtained from the druggists. The usual strength of one grain to the minim is followed, and the dose for an adult is one-half to two teaspoonfuls, taken before each meal.

SOME very considerable sensation was lately produced by a young lady who appeared at one of Queen Victoria's levees without plumes on her head. She thought them unbecoming to a youthful face, and substituted flowers. The Queen got very angry, and the Lord Chamberlain was directed to issue an order insisting upon the strict observance of all the established rules of court etiquette. This stringency on the part of Queen Victoria has greatly surprised the public.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The German War Department has carried out some experiments on a large scale with the electric light at Metz, in order to test its practicability for military purposes. One of the largest known electric lanterns was used for the trials, and it was found possible to distinguish small detachments out of rifle-shot with sufficient accuracy to direct on them artillery fire.

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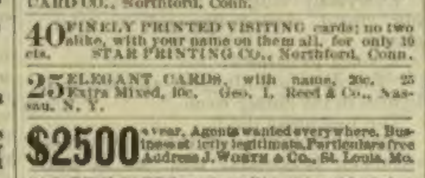

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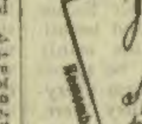

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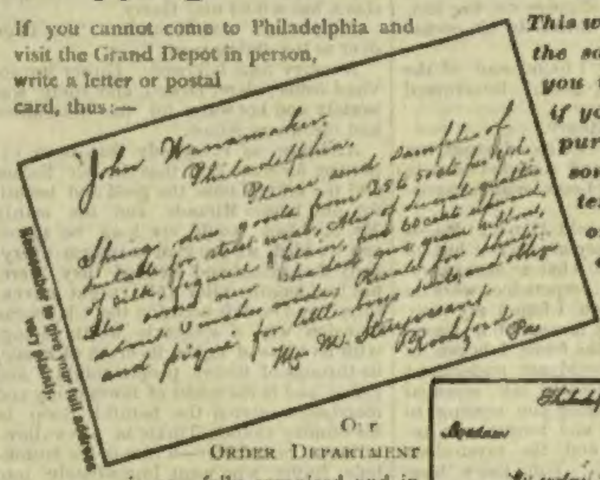

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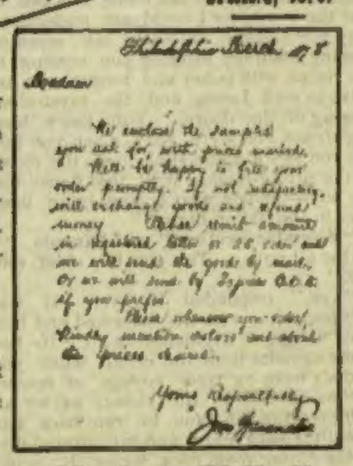

Philadelphia March 27 1878
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John Wanamaker, 13th & Market, Philad'a.

HER PICTURE.

If I should try to paint her whom I named
My "one fair woman"—how might memory trace
Line, curve, and color in the rare sweet face,
Yet keep within the subtle soul of flame?
If I should tell you she is soft and white
As any creamy-petaled rose, and slight
And straight and tall as any wand-like lily—
If I should try to show you her lithe form,
Her soft, swift football—oh, so light and still!
And hands that clasp so quiet, close, and warm—
How faint my words would fall! You could not see,
My lady as she shows herself to me;
You could not guess by any speech of mine,
How dainty or how delicate she is;
And when I speak of this—
The smooth, long sloping of her eyebrows fine,
Or that fair thing, her little shell-pink ear;
Or tell you what a lovesome sound to hear
Is her low voice, as tender in its tone
As any brooding dove's, that all alone
Coos to itself—Oh, you would never know!
I could not even show you her dark eyes—
Half blue, half gray, under their lashes carried;
And you could never guess, in all the world,
How sweet the curving line of her mouth is!
For you have never felt it in a kiss!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

XIV.

"I went over there," said Henry, "and saw the fellow. He was a wretched-looking mortal, attired in threadbare clothes, and looking the picture of a discomfited brigand. He gave his name as Magos, which I presume is an alias. From what I could gather from his examination, which was a very sharp one, I discovered that this man Magos was an Italian organ-grinder. You know an organ-grinder stopped here early in the evening to play some tunes, and when Kate told him to go away, he grinned, and asked her if de 'Mees' vas in de house. Well, it seems this fellow has been watching the house for some time, and he and another chum of his named, as near as I could make it out, Merilli, a desperate ruffian who had murdered his Irish wife; these two plotted to rob the house. Merilli had a son by the Irish woman. He called him the 'devil,' and this wild, desperate young rascal called his father 'greasy dad.' These were the only appelations father and son ever accosted each other by. Merilli was up before the courts two or three times for several offences, and after he had killed his wife he ran away, got on board a marble vessel bound for Italy, and reached his native country, where he stayed nearly three years. Then he came back with another name, and took to organ-grinding and stealing. Magos and he were firm friends. According to Magos' statement, he knew very well that there were only a few women in the house, and that the best part of the family was away. He knew, he said, with a great insolent laugh, of the presence of much silverware and jewelry in the house. Merilli's son, 'the devil,' was forced into the service, and these three on this dark, stormy, and blustering night set forth to rob and murder us! Murder was their intention undoubtedly, and poor Louis there was an intended victim."

"But how in the world did they manage to get in?" demanded Miranda.

"Simply, my dear Miry, by forcing the cellar window, and creeping in, one after the other. The knaves knew the demoralizing effects of darkness. So they came prepared to turn off the gas. This they managed to do most effectually."

Roop and the upstairs exploring expedition now entered the room and broke off the story for a moment.

"Nothing new up there?" questioned Henry.

"No, answered Roop, "except that the fourth-story room's all upside down, and the feather bed's gone. Of course we all know where that is."

"Why, what does that mean?" queried Miranda.

"I'll explain in the course of my story," answered Henry, "it's a very exciting narrative indeed. So listen. Don't interrupt me, please."

"It was only," continued Henry, "after repeated coaxing and threats that I succeeded in getting the complete solution of the night's riddle out of this fellow, Magos.

"According to his statement, after the three chief ruffians of this melo-drama of ours had descended into the cellar, the boy was deputed to turn off the gas and remain hidden in the coal bin until signalled for. Without doubt he was there when you girls went down to look after me and Louis. Well, the other two, Magos and his chum Merilli stood in the dark passage-way and made preparations to sound the house from cellar to attic. We are all well aware of the effect of what happened then—the cause was what unnerved us. The gas going out. My descent to discover the reason of the noise and the reason of the sudden darkness—Louis' quest of me—the robbers meanwhile being hidden in the pantry; so Magos said; then Louis' descent in search of me, and his capture; Magos himself having confessed to having caught him from behind and throttled him, and dragged him into the parlor, where he robbed him of everything he could lay hands upon, even to the very slippers on his feet, which the burglar thrust in his pocket ——"

"And that was why I found one of the slippers in the dining-room," interrupted Esther, excitedly.

"Yes," answered Henry.

"And I lost my diamond studs, my watch and chain, and a pocket-book in this adventure," said Louis, with a serio-comic expression.

"I have them," said Henry; "Magos gave them up, and they are here; but to continue. You see what a narrow escape I had, for these desperadoes were on my track too, but when I found my way back into the yard by means of a sensational climbing over the fence, I began to fear the worst, for I could not understand why you had not answered my repeated ringing; then my meeting you coming to the rescue with poker and tongs; our resolve to seek Louis, and the mysterious closing of the doors. You know how frightened you were, Miry, when you told me you saw a figure slink from the closet in the sitting-room. Well, that figure was the boy—the boy who is now lying dead over in the station-house."

"Miserable creature!" said Miranda. "I divine all now. This was the chief robber."

"Yes," responded Henry. "It was this imp who, with his deformed and horrible visage, so frightened us all. He had came upstairs from the cellar while you and sis were on your voyage of rescue, and had hidden in the closet; as we all were leaving the room he ran back and down the back stairs, and ran around first to the dining-room door, locked it, scudded upstairs and turned the key in the sitting-room door; all the while these brigands were sitting at the foot of the stairs. Then this imp dashed up into the fourth story, ran through Kate's room, the door being unfastened, and frightened her after the manner she has described. Then, when I hurried around to the hall, and found the door locked, I heard you screaming, and you told me you saw something horrible flitting past you in the kitchen. It was this same wretch who, after passing through Kate's room, ran down the back stairway, the way being clear, and darted into the cellar again like a flash. But conscious of a wrong move, and bewildered, he ran into the dining-room, closed the communicating door between it and the kitchen, and locked it, just as I broke the panel of the outer door, and caught a glimpse of his fearful visage. Then I felt a hand upon my shoulder. It was Roop. You know the rest. And now comes the ghastly part of the story. You know we had a severe tussle in the dark entry. Roop and I. Well, these two villains Magos and Merilli, had emerged, it seems, from their retreat in the pantry, and were watching us. As Roop raised his pistol to fire at me, I struck it up just at the moment that he pulled the trigger. He didn't hit me, but he did hit something. As Merilli was peeping from behind the stairs, the bullet struck him between the eyes and laid him out dead. It was an accidental, but a providential shot. Magos, his companion, shrank back into the pantry. Then when you went upstairs after meeting me, Roop and the policeman quickly put the corpse into the pantry to hide it from you. Magos was there all the time, but nobody saw him, and so when we all ran upstairs again on a fresh alarm, he, seeing the coast clear, emerged from the pantry, dragged out the body of his comrade, and in its place substituted the inanimate form of our old friend here, Lou, himself, for you had been lying on the parlor floor all this time, old boy, and it's a pity and a shame we didn't discover you."

"My God!" cried Louis.

"Can it be possible?" ejaculated Esther, and I all this time asleep?"

"Yes, sis," continued Henry. "Louis was totally insensible. And you were fast asleep in the big arm-chair in the entry. Magos was in the act of getting off across the lot yonder with the body when he was interrupted by Tinkle, Buller, Taylor and the dog, as we have seen. No doubt the rascal's object was to leave the body on the lot and take to his heels and save himself. But why he didn't leave it in the house is one mystery we cannot clear up."

"But the boy," said Miranda, "how did he meet his death?"

"The boy," answered Henry, "ran upstairs simply because he sought that part of the house as being safer from his pursuers than downstairs. He rushed into the fourth story front room, and there, in a fit of desperate energy, seized the large feather mattress to break his fall, and supposing, no doubt, that the street was deserted, he opened the window and made a spring for the pavement, but in an instant saw the folly of his expedient, for his enemies and pursuers were thronging below him."

"Great heaven!" ejaculated Miranda, "was that the cause of the commotion outside? Tell me."

"Yes," said Henry, "and now that the mystery is explained, let us have the gas turned on, and a little chance to get rest and refreshment. It is nearly daylight, I declare," he added, pulling out his watch, "why it is nearly six o'clock, and as dark as midnight yet."

"Breakfast time," said Miranda. "A cup of coffee will do us all no harm. The policemen were very faithful. Roop, too, is a good fellow. They all must be cold and hungry. Let us thank God for his mercies to us. We have had a fearful ordeal—a long, long night of horror. We are at the end of it now. But your revelations, Henry, was the most dreadful shock of the night to me."

"Never mind, Miry. We shall laugh over it to-morrow, and, as you say, all our good friends here, the policemen, watchmen, and all have done their duty nobly—grandly. We thank them heartily; and I wish to tell them all that as soon as the gas is lighted, and the rooms all open, we shall forget all the past trouble in a feast of merriment and plenty of hot coffee, and if anybody likes it, there's wine in the pantry."

Everybody laughed, and the augmenting crowd seemed disposed to utter a cheer.

A voice exclaimed:

"The doors are all open! and the gas is lighted in the dining-room."

The watchman did it.

"Bravo Roop!" cried Henry. "Three cheers for Roop—and now let us have some fun. This is the last act, and we must form a tableau."

Then somebody struck a match, and lighted the parlor chandelier.

"This is jolly!" cried Henry. "I'd like to go all over it again!"

"I should not!" said Miranda.

"Nor I!" added Esther.

"Lou, old fellow, how do you feel now?"

"Weak, weak, Harry, and as trembling as if I'd been months an invalid."

"Are you sleepy or hungry?"

"Neither. I am simply nervous. The shock has wilted me, Harry."

"Cheer up!" said Miranda. "Let us go over to the dining-room."

A merry time followed. Esther improvised coffee, claret flowed, and there was brandy and hot water for the watchmen and the weary police.

And now, as everybody has been expecting for some time that the fair Esther and the brave Louis, the good and beautiful, and heroic Miranda, and the manly Mr. Maddock, would, ere long be mated and wedded, we are glad to inform everybody that mated and wedded they were, not two months after this "night adventure," and on this occasion the Clayborne mansion was a spectacle worth seeing, with its blaze of lights, its crash of music, its throngs of festive people coming and going, and in the midst of the dancing and merriment entered the faithful Roop in his Sunday clothes, Tinkle in a swallow-tail coat, Snapfelder—a rose in his button-hole, Buller, who went immediately into the refreshment room, Nosey Taylor, who leaned on a cane and limped—and all these paid their congratulations to the happy wedded ones, and laughed among themselves at the recollections suggested by the place, of the mishaps, alarms and dilemmas of that ever-to-be-remembered stormy night of "PHANTOMS."

[THE END.]

Oh, how we vitiate our best works by letting the consideration of human applause come into our reckoning while we do them! And how frequently we are frightened into doing nothing by the fear that if we do anything like what we want to do, our neighbors, will treat us with ridicule or scorn.

Meditations of an Ash-Barrel.

BY CELANIRE.

I wonder what I was before I became a barrel. Being wood, I suspect I must once have been part of a tree. Indeed, on warm, sunshiny days in early Spring, when birds are twittering among the budding leaves, I am often conscious of a strange thrill, as though the sap still stirred in my cells; and I can almost feel the breath of mountain air, and the tender, clinging touch of mosses and ferns about my feet. But of course, these are nonsensical thoughts for a poor old ash-barrel.

Poor, old, did I say? Perhaps I am old. But I am rich in knowledge. Who knows what curious bits of history I glean from the broken bottles and old tomato cans, the scraps of paper and rags, and the very ashes that are daily flung into my arms?

I have not always been an ash-barrel. When I first came into existence, I was destined to hold apples. How I loved the rosy, fragrant things that lay so confidingly in my embrace. Then, too, they told me such pretty stories about themselves.

"It was not quite a year ago," they said, "that a certain tree stood bare and leafless in a garden. Gnarled and misshapen, with coarse, rough bark, it would scarcely have been called beautiful. But Spring breathes softly upon it and the branches were covered with downy leaflets; she breathes again, and myriads of fragrant, pink-tinted flowers blossomed out.

"In the centre of each flower grew slender pistils and stamens. These last carried little boxes on their heads, and when the right time came the boxes burst open, and showers of golden dust fell over the pistils. Whenever a grain of this dust, or pollen, fell on the top of the pistil it drank in the sugar there, grew soft, and sent down a long tube through the heart of the pistil until the swelled part at the base of the flower—the ovary—was reached. There seeds were formed.

"Soon the pretty, pink-tinted flowers fell off; but the little ovaries remained, and each one began to gather about itself a soft pulpy ball. Day by day these balls grew larger and sweeter, reddening in the warm sunshine, until they were full grown apples. That is how we grew."

One thing that the apples said has puzzled me greatly. The little creatures actually claimed to be sort of blood-relations of mine.

"You dear old barrel," said one of them to me, "don't you know that you and I are made of the same elements in the same proportions? Carbon, six parts; hydrogen, ten; oxygen, five—there is the whole substance of either of us. To be sure, I contain juice; but that is only water, with oxygen and a few minerals in solution, and cannot be said to enter into my substance."

Now that seems queer. Hydrogen and oxygen are both transparent, colorless gases, and carbon is a black solid, whose best example is charcoal. Why should they combine to make wood? Or, if they do so combine, how does it happen that they form apples too?

Something else puzzles me. Since I have been an ash-barrel, I have learned from various sources that woody fibre, starch, sugar and gum are all composed of the same elements in the same proportions. Sawdust may be made into gum, and that again into sugar. Indeed the latter has sometimes been made from old rags by the action of sulphuric acid.

What is the reason that such different things are formed from this same combination: carbon, six parts; hydrogen, ten; oxygen, five? Is it because the tiny particles—so tiny that no eye can see them—are grouped one way in wood and another way in sugar? Or does each element act differently under different circumstances?

Being an ash-barrel, I meet with all sorts of folks. One day a lump of charcoal informed me that he was own brother to the diamonds, and added that the graphite in lead-pencils belonged to the same family.

"You see," he explained, "though there's no family resemblance, we're all of us pure carbon. But the fingers that wear diamonds generally keep as far as possible from us lumps of charcoal. Perhaps they don't appreciate the worth of us poor relations, and are a little ashamed to own the connection."

Another day an old tin can, in whom there lingered a few drops of coal oil, told me that this fluid was the same thing as oil of roses, and he actually prided himself on his aristocratic connections. The disagreeable, impudent fellow! Glad enough was I when he rolled out into the gutter.

But a lump of peat once told me a very pretty story.

"Long, long ago," he began, "on the surface of a lake there floated some tiny plants. Year by year they grew in numbers, until the lake was covered with a thick, mossy carpet. By successive growth and decay a sort of groundwork was formed strong enough to support other plants; shrubs and even trees took root upon it and grew, until the mass, becoming too heavy, split or tore asunder and sank to the bottom. This was repeated, time after time, until the lake was filled up. Meanwhile, by the action of the water, the trees and plants at the bottom of the lake were being slowly transformed into peat.

"But now that the water was nearly all absorbed by the peat below, a new plant appeared on the scene. This was a peculiar kind of moss, which drew in the little water left in the lake, and also absorbed moisture from the air, until the moss itself was like a wet sponge. It grew rapidly, climbing over roots and trunks of trees, quite burying them under a thick, damp carpet; so that, even above the lake, living trees were changed to peat by means of this plant. That is the way I grew.

"And do you know," he added, "they say that is just the way coal was formed ages and ages ago. But I suppose we shall never know about it, for the coal refuses to tell its true history to anybody."

That's the unpleasant part of being an ash-barrel—one sometimes meets with such disobliging people. Indeed, I begin to grow a little tired of this world, and I notice—almost with pleasure—that I am going to pieces with old age.

How shall I go out of existence, I wonder? Shall I be burned in a stove, and pass off in the form of gases and water? Shall I be torn apart by sulphuric acid? Shall I be heated in a close vessel, away from the air, and be changed into charcoal, acetic acid, and vegetable tar?

I hope it will be the last way. For out of vegetable tar come creosote and paraffine, the first useful for curing meats, the second for making candles. And, if I can only be useful, can only help a little in some one of the curious chemical workings of every day life, I shall die content.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The "opening" of Spring costumes, which has been the chief feature of our observation for several weeks, is followed by the equally important "openings" of Spring bonnets, which is the "crowning point" of the Spring costume, and without which there is a sad deficiency in the completeness of our Spring and Summer preparations.

We can economically cling to old dresses, remodel them with such success as to quite defy the invidious effect of contrast with the new; but when we attempt this transformation process with a bonnet, the difficulties which present themselves are numerous, and induce many to indulge in the new, and exercise the desired economy in other things.

The new bonnets are mostly fine chips and white or soft colored straws, in delicate grays and browns. Gilt and silver braid are interwoven in many of the chips, and so closely blended with the straw as to soften the effect of the gold or silver, and their dazzling appearance is thereby toned down.

The shapes present all that infinite variety which appears every season, both in bonnets and round hats, which is added to by the deft and tasteful fingers of the milliner, who can take one shape and by indenting here and turning up there, make several charming and becoming forms to suit different styles and tastes.

A moderate size and large in the head, and close fitting front, are the characteristics of many of the new bonnets, the cottage shape being the favorite; coronets are not so much worn now as in the Winter, although—as it is most becoming to many—it finds many admirers and patrons. Other bonnets are indented in front in the Marie Stuart shape, while in others the brim is turned and bent to suit the face of the wearer, and has an air of novelty and oddness.

Satin is a favorite material for trimming, and ribbons that are reversible, showing two colors, and satin and gros grain.

Beads the size of a pea and strung on fine wire, ornament the edge of the bonnet all around. These may be gilt, or pearl, or jet. They also are visible in many of the ornaments which are used to fasten on loops of ribbon or the scarf. Black chip bonnets are edged with gold or jet beads; white straws with pearl beads; ecru chips with smoked pearl beads. These beads are also strung on a thread and festooned across the front of the bonnet over a velvet band, and mingled in loops on the outside.

Although all these bead ornaments are large, the small ones have not been discarded, for cut beads in rainbow colors, jet, clair de lune, and gold are worked into narrow passementerie made like a silk mesh, and is sewed flat on the brim. Gold and silver cord is another item which has taken the place of gold and silver braid. Several rows are sewed on the front of the bonnet, which presents a sort of turban or coronet appearance. In some instances the gold and silver alternate, and in others a narrow rouleau of black velvet is between.

Artificial florists have not copied Nature with their usual correct imitation, but in order to introduce colors to harmonize with the new shades of straw, we have brown carnations, brown buttercups and roses, the centres of which are gold.

While we have a very decided effect of gold in beads and cord, it is not so conspicuous in the floral garniture as was visible last year, when everything was tinged with yellow, from the deep mandarin to the pale, yellowish green called tilleul. Olive, pale blue, green, and cardinal are used in combination. Full wreaths are worn, in which are seed grasses of all descriptions, and flowers presenting every stage of growth, from the incipient bud to the full blown rose, and the half withered and the worm-eaten blossom. Clusters of loops of ribbon an inch wide, large Alsatian bows, are also noticeable among the Spring bonnets. Full wreaths of roses shading from the faint shell pink to the deep Jacquemenot red, and fastened by a large bow of pale pink and deep red ribbon, was an admired feature of some bonnets; in others the roses were variegated and presented all the shades and colors of the queenly flower.

The flower bonnet is more popular than ever; its simplicity of arrangement being a great recommendation, for the full wreath is easily fastened on the narrow lace and wire frame without crown, which encircles the head; loops of satin ribbon droop over the centre, or the space is filled in with leaves and pendant flowers. For a dress bonnet and becomingness, there is nothing prettier in the bonnet shape.

Black net beaded with black or colored jet is puffed over frames, the edge is trimmed with large cut beads strung on a wire, a fashion mentioned in a former part of my article. A cluster of black ostrich tips droop gracefully over the front, and a few jet ornaments complete the trimming, or it may be brightened by the addition of a small cluster of roses.

In round hats there is the same variety of shapes, which the wearer can vary to suit the face by altering or adding to the turns in the brim. A shape which seems to be a favorite has a round crown and narrow brim, which droops over the face. One side is cut, and the part toward the back is turned up on the crown, and the other is narrowed off towards the front, the trimming passing between. The English shape has a higher crown than formerly, and the brim is laced with a row of beads. The Derby, which has been so popular in felt, appears in black and colored straws for spring and summer wear. The trimming consists of a narrow silk scarf, and a small bird or wing fastened at the side. A simpler style, observed by those who prefer to maintain the masculine character of the hat, is the narrow silk galloon band, without any feather.

The fancy for beaded trimming is as extensively carried out for dress trimmings as on bonnets. Jet, and opaque white beads, and iris which presents many rich dark shades together, but above everything else, embroidery is selected for dress trimmings, from the simplest gingham to the richest silk. For the latter, colored beads are worked in the design, but for wash materials the embroidery is mostly the Hamburg, but in such elaborate designs and colors that it resembles the most delicate handwork. Very few silk buttons are used, the preference being for the exquisite tinted or white pearl buttons, or the wooden or horn buttons with the eyes sunken in the centre.

Grand dinner and reception toilettes are made in the elegantly simple designs that are known in England as pre-Raphaelite dresses, but are marked Henri Deux by the Parisian modistes. They consist of a basque and flowing skirt hanging in long graceful folds from the waist down, unbroken by tie-back strings or flounces. The trimming is most elaborate embroidery straight down the front from the throat to the feet, on the wide antique collar, the deep cuffs, the square basques and the panel pockets. The materials are rich brocades, faille and satin, and the old-fashioned levantine that is entirely without stiffening of any kind; the colors are the quaint robin's egg blue, old gold with black, tawny browns, and the new green which is called Morris green. Sometimes, instead of embroidery, rich creamy white lace garniture is laid on these rich dresses; that with vandyke points is especially admired. The new pearl laces are also in favor.

The most conspicuous new feature in dress-making is the absence of the many seams now seen in the back of the basque bodices and polonaises. Many have merely a side piece beginning in the armhole, and a seam down the middle of the back. Others, however, retain the long seams from the shoulder and have two side pieces, and it will be difficult to dispense with these, as they do much toward producing the slender effect now considered stylish.

Large Charles II. collars covering the shoulders are now seen on many dresses and on mantles, but do not look well, however, unless finished at the top with a standing collar or pleated frill. When these are not used, the neck of the dress is cut square and has a plastron, or else it is trimmed to represent a square. A small narrow fichu or collarette of folded silk is worn over with square-necked dresses.

Basques are of simplest shapes, and are not elaborately trimmed. Some of them are genuine postillion basques, cut square behind, and laid in flat pleats of the material, or else a cluster of satin or silk pleats is set in; these pleats do not come quite up to the waist, but begin two or three inches below it, allowing the seams of the bodice to come gracefully over the most tapering part. Straight round cuirass basques are also made, but not so generally as those with pointed back and front and shorter sides. The shoulder seams are still made short, and the neck as high as it is possible to wear it. There is no cording about the best dresses, except a small cord in the armhole. Sleeves are coat shape, buttoned outside the wrist on very plain dresses; for more dressy bodices they are equally tight, but are so short that they reach only half way between the elbow and wrist, where they are turned upward as a cuff, or else they are made still shorter and are finished with a frill.

Colored embroidery is the novelty in underclothing, and this is now so pellucidly worked that it is no longer objected to by those who have hitherto preferred white needlework. Gowns, chemises, and petticoats of the finest French percale have the neck, sleeves and the frills of skirts needlework in tiny scallops of three colors; the first scallop is pale blue, the next dark red, the third yellow; and a delicate tracery is then wrought inside in colors to match. Colored embroidery is used in a similar way on the white muslin yoke dresses or the pleated skirts worn by children in short clothes. The patent ruffling is embroidered in color for this purpose, and there are pretty open-work bands, insertions and edges for trimming the skirt, sleeves, neck, and down the long pleats, all wrought either in deep blue or in cardinal red.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Fancy Work.—As I have before stated, table linen and house linen are gradually becoming very ornamental. The fashion of colored embroidery on tablecloths, tea-cloths and napkins and towels has taken such root that it has become one of the most popular styles of fancy work for the lovers of that art. The favorite styles are tambour, the cross-stitch and the Holbein or outline stitch. The cross stitch is popular from being the most easy to do. Penelope canvas is basted very smoothly over the linen, and the design is worked on that through the linen, and when completed the canvas threads are pulled away. Marking cotton in dark red and indigo blue shades is the principal material used, and granite linen is very much employed as the foundation. Sideboard cloths are worked on this material in some artistic design, such as have become so familiarly known in connection with the Java canvas embroidery. The monogram is worked in the centre or on the edge, and the ends are fringed.

Exquisite doyleys are made of linen worked in this way with colored cotton, forming a narrow border, and the edges are fringed to the depth of an inch. Others have an insertion of narrow antique lace let in a little distance from the border, and a narrow lace on the edge. Again, a very pretty design is worked in crewels, to represent a flower and leaves, or fruit. A style which is more artistic is to etch in ink a small picture in the centre, scenes from Mother Goose being the favorite design.—*Constant Worker.*

Home-Made Rugs.—Lately I have seen several ways to make rugs, in the Chat, but as none are like mine, I send a few items which I hope will meet the approbation of the readers of the dear old Post.

First, I presume you all know how to make braided rugs. If not, then take the old ruffles and pieces of gone-by finery; woolen is best, bright and plain colored; cut them in strips an inch wide and braid. You can make your rug of any shape or size. After braiding, lay your braid round, or oval if you wish, and sew together on what you wish to be the wrong side; use strong linen thread or twine. Make two or three rows of one kind, then change. In this way you have a pretty, durable, inexpensive rug. You can pink a piece of flannel for the edge. Another way is to tear up your pieces half an inch (or one-quarter I think nicer) wide, and crochet round or square, as if for a tidy, arranging your colors to suit your taste. Crochet the edge in scollops. Of course you will need a very coarse needle. These rugs are durable and cost nothing. Still another way is to take scraps of velvet and cloth; first cut a complete circle of cloth about an inch and a half across; let this be black; then a circle a quarter of an inch smaller all around, of gray or any color you wish; then a smaller circle of bright scarlet or blue, or any color of velvet; sew these one on the other, and after you have a quantity of them made, arrange in any manner you like on your foundation, which may be of dark green, drab, blue, or in fact anything you have; line with something to make it stiff enough to be straight; pink an edge, or put on fringe if you have it. This rug is very handsome. I forgot to say, let the circles just touch one another on the foundation. If these are accepted, and I have made myself intelligible, I have more.—*I.*

Sofa Blanket.—I noticed an inquiry from West Chester for suggestions for a sofa blanket, and as no reply has been given, I venture to send one. The blanket I saw completed was quite a pleasing change from the style one usually sees. It is composed of stripes of thick blanket flannel ornamented with small clusters of flowers embroidered, these stripes alternating with stripes of crochet in a contrasting shade of worsted. The blanket stripes may be scarlet, drab, gray, white or blue, and are cut six inches wide. The flowers are worked in a simple style, in pretty contrasting colors. The five blanket stripes are joined together with six rows of the crochet, so the crochet forms the outer row. A handsome fringe, combining the prominent colors, borders the blanket all around. The crochet stripes are just half the width of the blanket stripes.—*Novelty.*

Will some one of the readers of the Post who are interested in "Fireside Chat" give me a recipe for making cottage cheese pie, I will be happy to return the favor when I can.—*Esther.*

Orange Jelly.—I have such a good recipe for orange jelly I venture to send it to "Louisiana" and am very sure she will find it a success:

Make a syrup with one pint of water and one pound of loaf sugar, boil it with the thin rind of four oranges and two lemons, skim it carefully and add the juice of eight oranges, let it boil about twenty minutes; skim and add the juice of a lemon, and either one pint of calves-foot jelly, or sixteen sheets of the best French gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water, and clarified with whites of eggs. Peel a couple of sweet oranges, removing every particle of skin of both kinds, core them to get rid of the pips, and cut them in thin slices in such a way as to get rid of the pellicle round each quarter. Proceed to fill the mould, disposing pieces of oranges in it in a symmetrical fashion. When set, turn out the jelly in the usual way.—*Floridiana.*

Rice Croquettes.—In answer to the inquiry from "Frontier Post" I send a very good recipe for rice croquettes, which have always been liked by those who have eaten them, so I think she will find them what she wants:

Boil one-half pound best rice in one pint and a half of milk and a tablespoonful of butter. Put the milk on cold; when it comes to a boil set it where it will only simmer until soft, then add one-quarter pound white sugar and the grated rind of a lemon and the yolks of five eggs. Stir all the time until it thickens; do not let it boil. Spread it out on a dish, and when quite cold form into small balls or squares; dip them into beaten egg and then into bread crumbs twice; lay them one by one into a wire basket, which put in a pan of boiling lard; fry a light brown; drain well, and sift powdered sugar over them.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

FORT CLARK, (Tex.)—Tom Hood, the English poet, died in the year 1845.

WILFUL, (Somerset, Me.)—Hardened skin in the palms of the hands is caused by manual labor.

ALKYNNE, (Madison, Tenn.)—The word fete, or festival, is pronounced as nearly as possible like "fate."

CORA, (Lake, Ill.)—A cigar-case, slippers, smoking-cap, or braces, worked by yourself, would any of them be suitable presents.

S. C., (Troup, Ga.)—With the permission of the judge, a prisoner may recall his plea of guilty, and plead not guilty, or vice versa.

SCHOOL-GIRL, (Allegany, N. Y.)—Nothing but but a surgical operation can safely remove moles. The use of soap could never cause them in any way.

C. M., (Jefferson, Mo.)—The President has no body-guard; he lives, dresses and walks about like other mortals of lesser influence in the world's affairs.

S. J. W., (Montgomery, Mo.)—Your piano has probably stood in a damp place, which would cause the wood-work to swell, and account for the keys sticking.

HOPE, (Amity, Iowa.)—Yes; we should think that telegraphy, or employment in an artistic shop, or light, pleasant business might aid you. But write again quickly and let us know which way your inclination jumps.

EDITH K., (Guernsey, Ohio.)—The sentence, "Much depends on this rule's being observed," is wrong. It should be "rule" and not "rule's." The sentence, "How is it that neither of your sisters is married," is correct.

J. S. (Fayette, W. Va.)—We are utterly unable to advise you in respect to the choice of an employment. You should consult your relatives or friends, who, being acquainted with your capacities, are able to judge what you are fit for.

EMILY, (Carlisle, Pa.)—Involuntary smiling can be prevented by keeping a constant guard over one's thoughts. It is not a very serious matter; indeed, it is what may be called "an amiable fault," but still it is better that it should be subdued.

O. N., (Essex, Mass.)—Englishmen can enter the service of foreign states without the sanction of Government; but if taken fighting against their country, death is the punishment. Commissions in the Austrian and Prussian armies are not purchasable.

A. N., (Amboy, Mich.)—Rouge is the most injurious preparation you can apply to the skin; it dries, shrivels, and renders it coarse and sallow. Artificial color can always be easily detected, although applied by the most skilled and practised hand. Give up its use.

ANTHON, (Crawford, Mo.)—All you can do is to persist in your suit, keep a brave heart, and refuse to surrender her to the other man. A lover should not be frightened by obstacles or opposition, but should be stimulated by them to more active endeavors to win the prize.

OCULUS, (Perry, Pa.)—Your only real way, either to retain or improve your failing eyesight, is to give up the idea of reading closely any more. Rest is the best physician for the gradually weakening eye. Your habit of reading late at night is simply suicidal, and if continued will end most seriously.

F. A., (Alcorn, Tex.)—A young lady of twenty-five is old enough to judge for herself relative to the state of her affections, and the alliance that is best calculated to ensure her happiness. This is, therefore, one of those exceptional cases in which the parental authority seems to be somewhat harshly exercised.

G. C., (Madison, Ind.)—The language of flowers is said to have originally come from the East, and to have been of very ancient origin. That it may have come originally from the East is possible, as in Persia, Arabia, and Egypt it is used as a means of communication at the present day. The dahlia signifies "I am forever thine;" the full white rose, "I am worthy of you;" the rosebud, "you are young and beautiful."

STUMP, (Pickens, S. C.)—The question is disputed. In early times the Episcopalian preachers in Scotland preached in black gowns, which were very offensive to the people. Hence "Black Prelacy," became a familiar phrase. The Presbyterians preached in blue, hence "True blue." You can take this origin of the term for what it is worth.

SILVER HILL, (Fillmore, Minn.)—The issue of crowns and half-crowns has been suspended in England ever since 1851. Florins have been coined recently at a great rate. Nearly seven millions florins were coined in the year 1872, and about three times that number were coined in the twelve years 1861-72. Half-crowns were issued so long ago as in the reigns of Queen Mary. The florin was introduced in the year 1849.

L. HENRY, (Orange, N. Y.)—Smoking is not only a ridiculous habit when indulged in by "early pipers," say of ten, twelve, sixteen or eighteen, but exceedingly injurious. It blunders the digestion, which at that time of life should be active, adding to and building up the system, and it weakens the cerebral action of the brain and deadens the nerves. Indulged in to excess it poisons the boy where it would not harm the man.

D. F., (Harrisburg, Pa.)—The value of the copyright of sacred songs, as well as of all poetic and other compositions, varies entirely according to their merit or the popularity of the author. There is no standard value in such matters. If an unknown writer presented himself to a publisher with a volume of sacred songs, it is ten to one that the publisher would at once decline the undertaking.

PLUCKED, (Phila., Pa.)—Christopher Columbus, Sebastian Cabot and Americus Vespucci (the first, discoverer of the Western world; the second, the shore line of the United States; and the third giving his name to the continent) were all Italians. The first females who immigrated to Virginia were Mrs. Ferrest and her maid, Anne Burras, in the expedition of Newport, 1608. The first marriage in Virginia was in the same year, John Layden to Anne Burras.

J. J., (Marion, Tex.)—When things are in confusion they are generally said to be turned "topsy turvy." The expression is derived from a way in which turf for fuel is placed to dry on its being cut. The surface of the ground is pared off, with the heath growing on it, and the heath is turned downwards, and left some days in that state, that the earth may get dry before it is carried away. It means, then, top-side turf-way.

HEADER, (Germantown, Pa.)—The old prejudice in favor of making the "unlucky day" Friday the day for execution, is still strong in the minds of Judges and Governors, over 60 per cent. of the executions taking place in the United States last year happening on that day. With a view to breaking down this superstitious selection of Friday, Governor Hartranft, of this State, as you may have observed, invariably selects another day of the week, generally Thursday, for the carrying out of capital sentences.

A. W., (Fluvanna, Va.)—It is well established by experience that a girl is unwise when she undertakes to love any other fellow than her brother with a sister's affection. The chances are that she can't do it. You are pretty deeply in love with your cousin, but if he has given his heart to another, try to do the same thing yourself. First cousins may perhaps marry without harm resulting, though the subject is in question; but they cannot love each other like brother and sister. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be wiser not to do so.

VICTOR, (Anaonia, Conn.)—1. Recollect the proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady," and, if the lady in question is in a similar social position to yourself, do not hesitate to avow your feelings towards her. 2. Your handwriting is very good indeed, and will qualify you for any position in life if your education is equal to it. 3. In courtesy and in regard to your position you should pay the mark of respect the superior station of the parties entitles them to. There is nothing derogatory in the fact. It is really the exhibition of a gentlemanly mind; the omission indicates that vulgarity that some ignorant people dignify by the name of independence.

LAICUS, (Baltimore, Md.)—It is stated that the privilege of wearing the red hat was granted to the Cardinals of the Romish Church by Innocent IV., in the thirteenth century, as an emblem of their readiness to shed their blood for the Catholic faith. For a century and a half before they had been allowed to wear red shoes and red garments. In the year 1630 they were given the title of Eminence, having been previously designated Most Illustrious. Cardinals may, with the consent of the Pope, lay aside their rank and return to secular life; and many have done so. Even those in holy orders have been permitted to divest themselves of both rank and orders and to marry.

COUNTRY BOY, (American Fork, Utah.)—What is known in history as the Children's crusade, took place in the year 1212. An army of 30,000 French children set out for the Holy Land by way of Marseilles. They were unarmed, and chose for their commander a boy named Stephen, who lived in Vendome. At the same time 20,000 German children crossed the Alps at Mount Cenis, and 20,000 more at another point. These seventy thousand children went to deliver Jerusalem from the hands of the infidel Saracens. Nearly all of them perished—some on the way, some by drowning in the Mediterranean Sea—while all who missed a comparatively happy death were sold into slavery.

SHAKSPERE, (New York City, N. Y.)—The persons who told you that the only genuine signatures of England's greatest poet (in the Museum and Bodleian) are spelt Shakespeare (e and a added) did so without knowledge. Shakspere himself wrote "Shakspere"—not a letter more or less. During the poet's time, the name was written by others Shagspere, Chaksper, Saxper, Shikspere, and Shaksepare. Let us fix the right spelling in your mind by this anecdote: The forger Ireland, endeavored to "palm off" Vortigern, signed leases and old deeds with "Shakespeare," because commentator Malone's facsimile engraver had stuck an a in; but Malone discovered that his engraver had made a mistake—"there is no a, only a slight tremor above the h, as a sick man's hand might make." All other signatures are unmistakably as we give the name, notably in Florio's Montaigne, and in the Guildhall Library, England, where the word ends pere quite plainly. The forger was caught, and confessed; but Malone's publishers stuck to the error rather than alter their titles. In spite of this, however, the name as spelled by the publishers is in most common use.

TROUBLED READER, (Jackson, Miss.)—It is very likely that the flushing of the face you refer to is due to physical causes, and you should consult a doctor concerning it. He might, and probably would, succeed in banishing it, and thus remove at least one source of your continual embarrassment. If he can do you no good, and mingling in society does not seem to lessen your trouble, we really cannot see that there is any help for you. There is such a thing as a morbid tendency in some people to blushing, stammering and confusion generally without any adequate reason. And many who no doubt have had much better chances to rid themselves of the failing than yourself, after repeated efforts found it impossible to do so. One of America's best known poets, now dead, is said to have been so extremely bashful that he could not address a woman without exhibiting the most painful embarrassment. On one occasion, when asked to deliver a lecture to the classes of a female seminary, it is reported that he did so only on condition that he might speak with his back towards the ladies. The only hope